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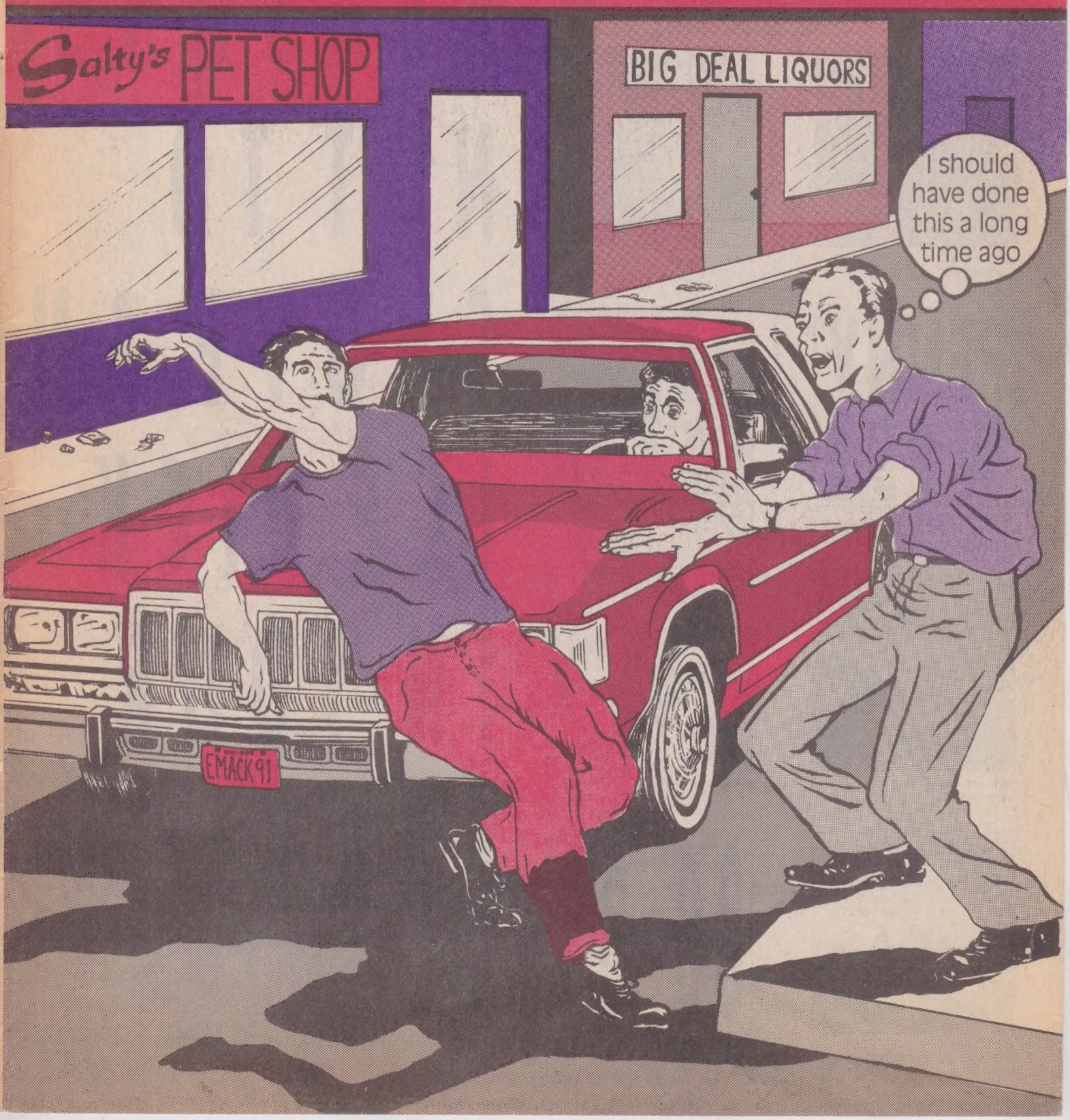

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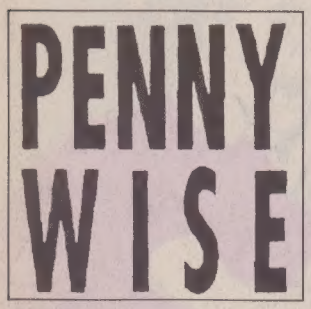

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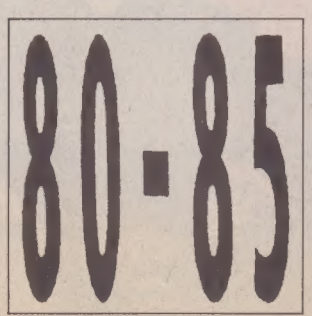

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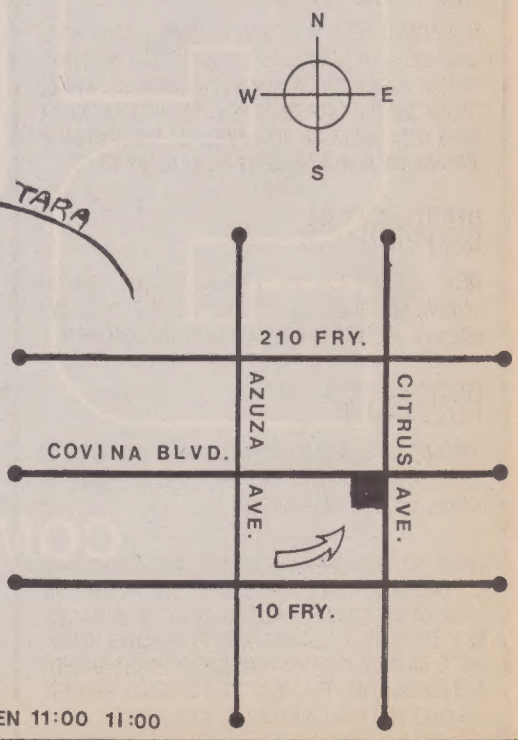

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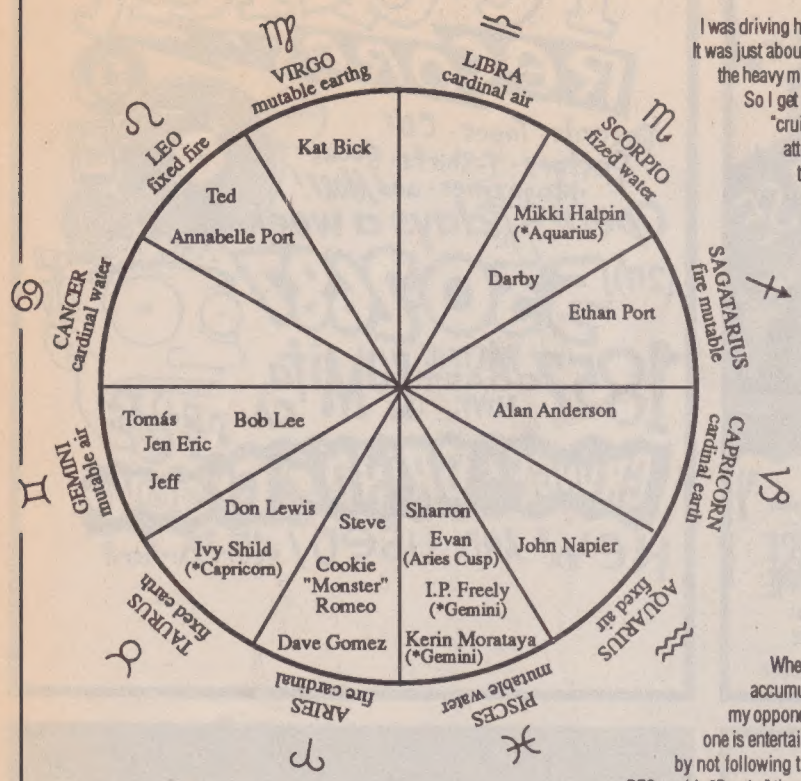
95% OF BEN IS DEAD EMPLOYEES ARE HAPPY!



I was driving home over Kanaan Dune Road on my way back from a day of surfing at Malibu Beach. It was just about 4 p.m. and I was trying to make it onto the freeway and get as far as possible before the heavy mid-day rush hour traffic set in. Of course, since I had a VW Bug, I could only go so fast. So I get 3/4 of the way over the canyon and end up behind this lady in her red sportscar just "cruising" along. I waited a bit and when it was clear I went into the lane for opposing traffic attempting to pass her – usually a simple traffic maneuver. Unfortunately this lady, seeing that I was trying to pass, put the gas on and started screaming at me. I tried at least three times, but she had no intention of giving up her lead position. Well, that was fine with me, because I was working on a plan of retaliation.

Lucky for me this lady got on the freeway heading in the same direction as I was. And lucky for me I was able to keep near her until we hit the stop and go traffic. Her position was either just in front of or just behind me, in neighboring lanes. She was still ranting, though I couldn't make out the words.

I had a stick shift in one hand, I was steering with my free knee and with my free hand and my mouth I was trying to light at least one of the four matches I had found in my glove box. I tried once but with my windows rolled down it blew out. Same thing happened during my second attempt. With two matches left I decided that I should go for all or nothing. It worked. And god knows how but I ended up just at her side when I was able to use the matches to get the wick lit. With only seconds to spare I used all the side-arm accuracy I could muster, smiled at the lady, and I threw the lit smoke bomb right through her open window. Oh, I can't explain it really, but it was one of the most exhilarating moments of my life. The look on her face was worth so much. Having no idea what had happened, this lady stopped in the rush hour traffic and ran out onto the freeway while her car was engulfed in smoke. Joyous. I was the judge, and she deserved it.

When the prospect of revenge arises I am torn between internalizing all the anger I've accumulated since I was last able to discard it and throwing it fast and hard into the face of my opponent. That relief stage is quickly intercepted by my ambition of not being a victim (being one is entertaining in fantasies and soap operas but it never lives up in real life). Am I just being lazy by not following through on what I'd planned to do? I wasn't really thinking about it at the onset but RESearch's "Pranks" theme is a much more appealing concept. In whole the best revenge seems to be that which is taken out in the form of a prank, and not a reactionary (verbal or physical) assault. You also have a better chance at taining your underdog status that way. And while we are continuously being challenged in aggressive, emotional ways, a shrewd response has a better opportunity to produce more positive results. With a sense of humor, which we all seem to lose sight of in this city's smog (stress), there is actually a chance of inspiring thought and deliberation, and perhaps even preventing undesirable suffering.

Though I wasn't sure if anyone else on the freeway saw what I'd done, I had an anxious ride home. To this day I consciously look at the face of the driver of every red sportscar I see on the road. It was worth it. I was so proud of myself. I was proud that I'd successfully followed through with my revenge on this lady – that I didn't just let it pass. That I didn't just imitate her irrational anger by yelling back at her. That I had the foresight of keeping a smoke bomb in my glove box...

And to conclude on a note similar to that of Grettle's "Just Say Know" article in our last issue: Revenge is really bad and I swear I'll probably never do it again. *–Darby*

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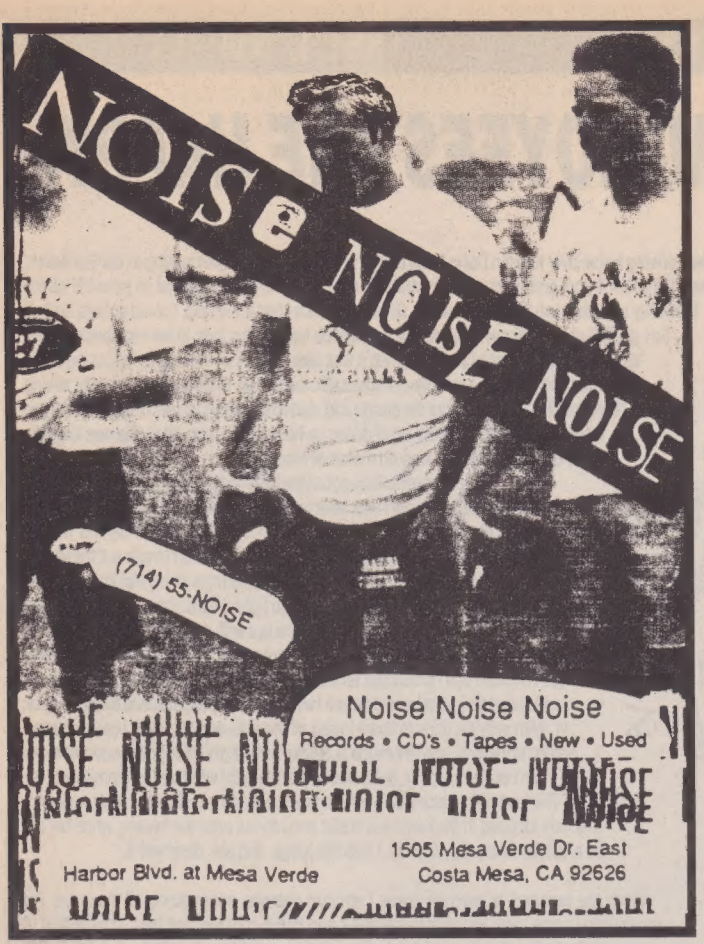
If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? –Shylock, *The Merchant of Venice* William Shakespeare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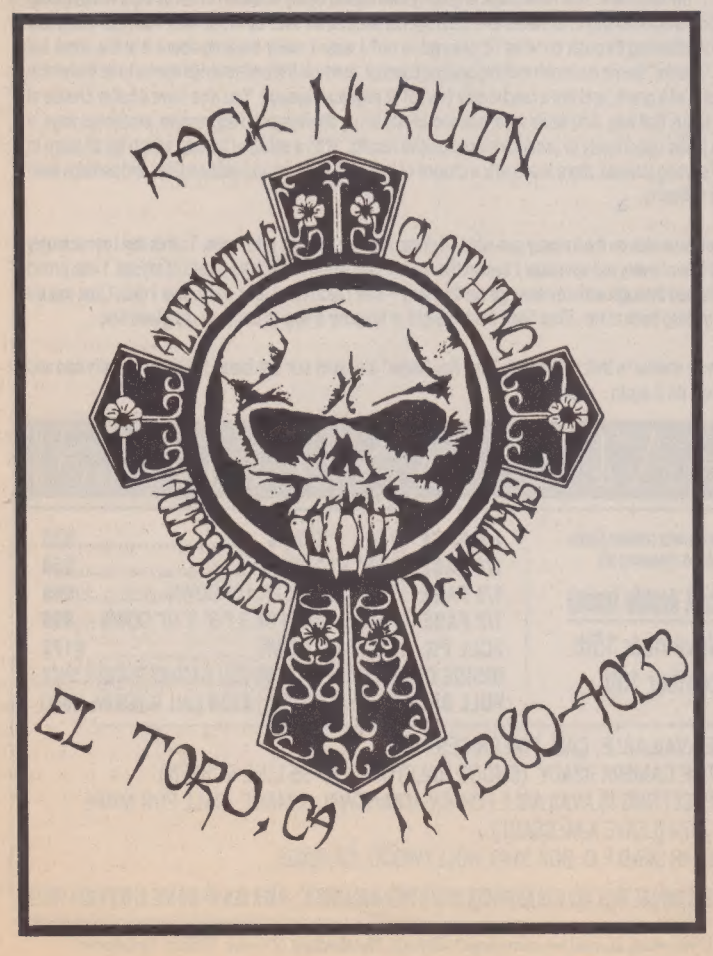
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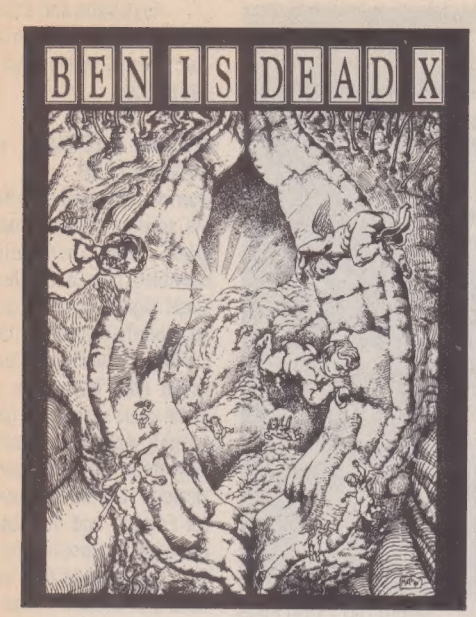

LETTERS

[some letters have been edited for brevity]

Darby-

Did you not receive my letter of last May? Not that it begged immediate response, but I would have expected a professional to have afforded me the common courtesy of a reply, at least by the time of the release of your latest issue, which I received today.

I believe I thanked you for all previous issues, and I think I also complimented you on your handling of the problem of censorship. However, my ego has a strong aversion to being dismissed, as your non-response would appear to me to be. Please remove my name from your mailing list, as I am not interested in continuing to receive your publication. As trees must die to make it possible to print it, I would be remiss in accepting B.I.D., as I would simply throw it away. I will not send Exit #5. It is sold out, so we do not need your review. At any rate, we assume you would not be interested in views alternative to your own.

Cordially,

Michael Andros, Assoc. Editor. (8/29)

EXIT Designed and Produced by GEORGE PETROS
itor: SALVATORE CANZONIERI; Editor/Art Director: NANCY PETR
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Dear Friends at BEN IS DEAD,

Hope everything is going well.

Here's a copy of EXIT Number Five. The printing quality is the result of being rejected by every printer I showed it to, in six states. I finally found one who was unfamiliar enough with Western civilization to print it. However they only had the grade of paper you see.

Send an advertising rate sheet.

Please inform me of any critical mention of EXIT in BEN IS DEAD.

Regards,

George Petros. (8/20)

Sad news here from Ben Headquarters. See that sad lookin' individual over there in the photos above? Well, that's our own Bob Lee (also of the bands Clawhammer and Crawlspace) and we're just sick about his poor little damaged sad, sorry lookin' psyche-thang. You see, what happened was, Bob used to kinda sorta look up to this guy Rollins, see? This guy was in a buncha cool-type punk rock bands and had all sorts of fancy writing about honesty and confrontation. You know, the kinda raw, in your face kinda stuff that would just naturally appeal to a young kid like Bob. So Bob had this idea that he was gonna send Rollins some words and Rollins, he would write a definition, and we would have ourselves a sorta "Rollins Dictionary". Not a real dictionary, just his definitions, his eyeview, like. So Bob he sends off the letter, and he sent a copy of the magazine too, you see, as a kind of helper, and he waited to hear back. And then the response finally comes and...well, you can just see for yourself. That cityboy just didn't like what us folks here at BID been doin' all these years and he took it out on poor Bob. Now the boy just don't know where to turn and we don't know what to do with him. But seein' as how this here is the "revenge" issue, we figgered we'd try to cheer our only Bob-boy up by submitting this here letter to the staff for analysis, just like it was one a Henry's records or something!! Hoo boy, this oughta be a good'un!!!

Bob. It's early here in Trenton NJ. Hence my difficulty with writing your zipcode. So you know, Sim is playing Jon & Peter's tomorrow with the Fairlaines.

I thought I wrote you, BEN IS DEAD, right? I thought so. I saw that cover and got turned off like a light. It insults me. If it's too hot in the kitchen... so, I'm in the basement. Good luck anyway. You seem like a good guy.

—Rollins

There seems to be a deep division of sexuality here. Rollins, in an early morning fog, perhaps still connected to a dream state in which gender was not so clear cut, writes to a young fan and reveals some surprising subtleties. "I saw that cover and got turned off like a light", his response to an artistic rendering of a woman's vagina, might seem at first to be more of the traditional misogyny associated with his work, but let's look a little deeper. "It insults me", Henry writes, in a defensive, pleading manner. It prevents him from responding to the young Bob, a fan. Henry's reaction to the clinical, religious imagery of the artwork is personal, as he assumes that it is somehow directed at him—although we all know, as we read, that he himself has no vagina. Why then the trauma? We may never know, as Rollins ditches the issue ("it's too hot") and gets out of the "kitchen"—a domain historically associated with women and femininity—banishing himself to the "basement", or cellar, the medieval site of torture and self degradation. –Dr. Joyce Sister

Give this man a break. It's obvious that he just isn't into vaginas. What we have here is someone who is silently pleading to be ousted from the closet, but doesn't have the guts to do it himself. The line that most intrigues me is the one that starts "If it's too hot in the kitchen..." This seems to represent, to me, that the man is avoiding passion, often associated with heat, and seeks refuge in the cold basement, cold often associated with frigidity. Of course, there could be a very different message in Henry's retreat. Didn't Freddy Krueger spend a lot of time in the basement? –Dr. Ruth Northwestheimer

CRAIG LEE, D. OCT 8, 1991

"I always wanted to 'give back', I always wanted to maintain a sense of community"

Craig Lee died today. As befits an LA scenester, news of his death spread across the phone lines faster than any media could communicate, and within a few hours of his passing he was being eulogized on KXLU, onstage at several shows, and I was typing this piece into the BID computer. As a member of the pioneering Bags, as an editor at the Weekly and writer of fiction, and most especially as a friend, Craig always combined the personal and the political in a sensibility that was at once more rigorously critical and creatively lifegiving than the discourse of his contemporaries. His aesthetic was demanding and influential; audiences and readers were pierced by artwork that denied any sacred objectivity.

"Everything is so transitory, everything changes, everything has to change, there has to be evolution, otherwise it's boring, it's stagnation."

Craig's ethos was marked by, but not limited to, the movements he was involved in during the seventies and eighties, especially punk rock and gay activism. What these communities emphasized was the unleashing of subjectivities, the breaking up of established orders, and the analysis of power and coercion. While Craig was attracted to the anger and the output of these groups, his work always had an ironic, humorous tinge and a certain refusal to accept the boundaries of even the alternative mentalities.

"I mean history in one sense is useless, and it's a trap, especially in rock and roll, which is only as relevant as the last record."

Craig Lee left a very fine record. *–Mikki Halpin*

SHOWS AND EVENTS

DIAMOND DADA: THE OFFICIAL 75TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF DADA • AL'S BAR

One of the craziest nights I've participated in; over 26 acts performed in the space of 6 hours. The night was a sustained state of pandemonium, brought to a drunken, glass-shattering, room clearing climax with everyone dancing around the room to several soundtracks playing at once.

It all started out quietly enough, with Walter Zooi & Crue Fnords swinging out their cool jazz licks. I was halfway into a placid, blissed-out state when Doug Knott started reading his poetry, finishing it off by exposing his sagging buttocks to the audience. Not a pretty sight. Then Regina Dentata raged about how she likes picking up boys and torturing them ("tapes on sale in the lobby").

Things started to come loose in the second set. Scheduled artists didn't show up, but MC S.A. Griffin filled in nicely with some improvising schtick. A few tedious poets were met with banana peels and catcalls. Then came the shaving cream, which Mike Mollett begged the audience to lather on his body. Bottles started to break, and pretty soon the floor was a slippery, gritty mess. Pure Dada! Oh yeah, there were firecrackers too (the kind that explode when they're hit by something) and Sterno fire courtesy of a few drunken dudes in the audience. Through this minefield, Robbie Daniels managed to shine with an emotionally gripping performance that made everyone shut up and watch. Cynthia Toronto even got one of the drunken dudes to play the horny ghost of Marcel Duchamp, straddling her and bringing her to orgasm. All played, of course. Or was it? Kind of hard to tell in all that darkness. Hieronymus Anonymous stirred up confusion to the maximum level as he strode into/onto the audience, spouting random spontaneous verse through his Madonna-like headphone and "saving" people by placing his hand on their bodies and spouting off verse like "their body was the source". He asked questions and responded cryptically, while several soundtracks, slide and movie projections clashed with each other at loud volume, charging the air with chaos.

PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

HIERONYMOUS ANONYMOUS READING POETRY AT DIAMOND DADA

PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

MIKE M. MOLLETT AND SCOTT WANNBERG GO DADA

Eryk Satze and Ease Media (with Cynthia Toronto) put on this event. –Wild Don

WORM VOLTAGE • WARSAW CLUB

I ran into what seemed to be the smokey pit of a coal mine and promptly stumbled over a toppled street sign. The only light source in the club came from the head of the singer, Don Diego (you know, like a miner wears strapped on his helmet), who danced impishly around the dance floor. However, I could see Dave (of Factory) and the bass player darting around when Don happened to bop his head their direction, otherwise the atmosphere was black. The synth player stood cryptically in a nice, dark corner, feeding us some noisy samples of this and that but nothing I haven't heard before. Dave provided a return-to-neanderthal beat that really rocked my hypothalamus, reminiscent of Crash Worship and Linda LaSabre (did I say that?). And every person that walked into the club tripped over that fucking sign. Dave ended up bashing it on the floor, to the beat, of course. In all, a very cage-rattling experience. A cyber-industrial incantation of the muse. That's industrial music. Anything else is just technopop. –Gretel Pate

SHARKBAIT • LECTISTERNIUM

Beneath Broadway in Long Beach is far too small to take on an endeavor such as this. It is located in a hotel basement where a collection of artists reside. The art openings, poetry readings and parties work out fine, but Lectisternium drew too large of a crowd; we were claustrophobic.

Because of the crowd's size, and little ventilation, Sharkbait were unable to perform with the pyrotechnics they are known for. The band, themselves, were charged. With the drummer as the focal point, all the percussion was loud and together. However, if there's anything that can taint our opinion of a performance, it's blatant sexism. The live S&M act that was the "performance art" aspect of Sharkbait's set didn't offend us in and of itself. What changed the dynamics in our minds was that the woman involved in the act had previously painted "Fuck Feminism" on the wall where she was immobilized naked and flogged with a belt. If there had been a role

reversal, with the woman dominant over a submissive man, the written slogan may have been more thought provoking. Presented the way it was, however, it stood as a blatant attack on a whole gender and on the ideals of many enlightened people. –Ivy and Gina

JUDY HENSKE, ACCOMPANIED BY CRAIG DOERGE AT MY PLACE

Judy Henske is a living legend. Somehow in the mid-60s in Oklahoma City, my older sister obtained copies of her records which we played into the ground. I then saw her once with Jerry Yester (Lovin' Spoonful) in a band called Rosebud at the Troubadour in the mid-70s. Now in 1991, she appears once again, like the Phoenix. She went on last, after a Vegas lounge act called The Johnson Family finished and all their support group split. Welcome to At My Wong's.

She entered the stage like a twelve year old taking a bow after singing "Somewhere Over The Rainbow," and the charm and humor never stopped. That's the way it is when that's the way you are. Ms. Henske started with a ballad, "Dark Angel," which she later repeated (at her own request) when the monitors suddenly came alive.

PHOTO BY ANNABELLE PORT

She followed that with *two* songs in a row about dogs (a direct show-biz violation), a medieval murder ballad "Love Henry" (which was on one of those records we had), a song about the Goodyear Blimp, and one about Southern California, where the coyotes come down from the hills and get all the wire-haired terriers. It's a female Tom Waits, but on the sunny side of the street, and with voice and pipes to spare. Conquer the world, Judy. Glad to know you're among the living. –Rush

THE DIDJITS, PAPER TULIPS • BOGART'S

I've been hearing about the Paper Tulips for a year or more, and my first look was a good one. I asked the drummer if they were into Wire or the Minutemen *(BID inside scoop: we know the drummer is heavily influenced by those queens of the alternative scene, the Bangles)* and he replied, "No, not really." Hmm... well, conscious or not, they've acquired the unmetallic side of 2nd generation punk, and they look just swell on stage too. Poor Greg had to endure cries of "Get a Gibson!" from the already-intoxicated Didjits. Maybe turning down the treble knob to less-than-piercing would've done the trick. I liked them anyway. The Didjits, however, were the undisputed champions of the evening. I can't quite describe what sets them so far above all those other loud, fast bands... call it Star Quality. The Didjits ooze Star Quality from every pore. I couldn't stand still for two seconds, the true mark of iron-horse talent. Tex and the Horseheads couldn't keep pace, and I lost it on them and wandered into the Bohemian Lounge to see Cubensis, "Not the Grateful Dead but an incredible simulation!" Two drummers, drippy guitar noodlings, college kids twirly-dancing, homemade tie-dyes and jewelry for sale, and the sickly permeating stench of incense, which finally forced me out for good. –Bob Lee

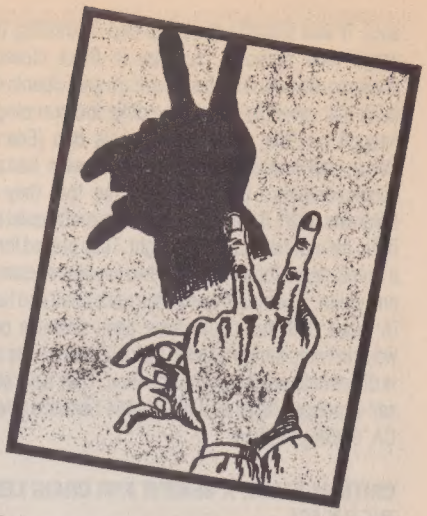
LUNACHICKS, DICTATORS • BOGART'S

We sort of knew what to expect from hearing other reviews and listening to the "Babysitters on Acid" CD. The Lunachicks were loud and kicked our booties. There was enough armpit hair on stage to put us both to shame. The highlight of the show was when the drummer addressed the assholes in the audience about their demeaning remarks referring to her size and sexual orientation. She emerged from behind her drum set, confirmed the crowd's opinions of her and belted out a grungy tune that typified the New York scumrock sound.

The old, has been, resting on their laurels Dictators sucked shit. The singer had on a red, white, and blue leather jacket with fringe. We left after three songs. Stick to your day jobs, boys! –Ivy and Gina

TUESDAY IN BLACK, DRUM PERFORMANCE ZERO ONE GALLERY

Clutter and cacophony ruled this "get wasted and bang away" ritual. There was one pretty cool seven foot light metal drum, some kettle drums, congas, bongos, etc. Broken mallets and drumsticks covered the floor at the end of the night. A four year old girl played the big seven foot metal drum for a while, while the fake cellophane tiki flames danced in the fake log below. There was a carnivorous weenie feast on the sidewalk outside and a couple of modern pagans danced around in little more than vacuum cleaner hoses, black garbage bags, and



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IF YOU HATE A BAND BRING SOME STINK BOMBS TO THEIR SHOW AND SECRETLY TOSS THEM ON STAGE WHILE THEY'RE ON. –DARBY

soot. It was actually more fun and interesting than I would have expected. Tuesday in Black closed the show, but some acid entranced drum participants didn't think that seven hours of pounding and pumping was enough, so this rather quiet female duo (Eden and Bella), clad in black death goth cloth dresses, had a little accompaniment. Someone told me that they were Satanists. Well, if they were they were pretty quiet about it. No cat mutilations, etc., tonight. They played through a home stereo for a P.A., with two keyboards/samplers and violin. The music was a little undefined and lacking in focus, but that could have been because people wouldn't stop banging those fucking drums. The set up is different to warrant some attention. They have several self-produced tapes available (4084 Leeward Ave., LA, CA, 90005). –Ethan

CRITICAL MASS: A BENIFIT FOR CRAIG LEE
THE PALACE
Craig Lee, notable L.A. music critic and personality, is currently fighting the battle against AIDS. This being an incredibly expensive undertaking, some of his buddies got together for a bizarre mix-n-match fundraiser. The format was incredible –15 minutes to get in, do your thing and get outta there. While this could be very disappointing in sex, it works great with bands. Kind of the compilation approach.

Your co-hosts for the evening were Phranc, lesbian folksinger and activist, and Vaginal Creme Davis, a truly sweet transvestite who displayed more lingerie than taste. They set the stage for and filled the time between bands. Spoken word artist Will Glenn screamed out a few political poeticals. The Perry Farrell Combo played an acoustic set that made me wonder if the guy might just be the genius everyone says he is. AIDS politics made for very strange bedfellows as the Go-Go's took the stage with ex-X Exene on vocals. Their version of "Lust For Life" would have made Iggy proud. A pair of striped bell-bottoms announced the arrival of Red Kross who were temporarily outdressed by jammate ex-Go-Go Charlotte Caffey who grinned and bounced in true psychedelic style. The Zeros were next and what joy! What relief! Not a purple hair in sight. It was the original 1977 Zeros, the band I always missed seeing being too young to get into clubs. There is a God. Angelo Moore of Fishbone fame strutted on and captured the stage with a blistering barrage of spoken word that curled the nose hairs. Armed with only his voice and a cane he managed to fill the room better than almost any band that night. I did say almost any band - L7 being one of the exceptions. I'd heard so much about this band that I was looking forward to them with dread-filled anticipation but they far surpassed my every expectation with a grungy tight garage inspired set backed by a thump-you-in-the-chest bass sound that fair removed my breath from my lungs. Members of the Weirdos, Chili Peppers and Thelonious Monster played a disappointing set of Velvet Underground covers. Not that they sounded bad. Indeed John Denny's voice lends itself well to these haunting melodies but given the innate talent of this group I expected more and felt vaguely ripped off. The Circle Jerks were supposed to be joined by Alice Bag. She never showed, but that didn't hurt their set at all. Despite the fact that they haven't played together in 8 months, they sounded great. That's what happens when you can do a set in your sleep, I guess. The time limit kept Keith Morris' pontification to a bare minimum making this the best Jerks set I've ever seen.

AIDS, of course, was the main topic here but the focus of discussion was centered mainly on government inaction and its lack of financial and medical assistance to AIDS victims. This was refreshing. Frankly if I hear one more lecture on condoms, I'm gonna puke on my shoes. –Kat Bick

BLADDER BLADDER BLADDER • ENGLISH ACID
My first time at this club and I already found myself cleaning the toilets – though actually the bathroom was the only reality I didn't mind experiencing this evening. The remainder was a tired arena of dress-up and rock star wanna-be/has-beens. I knew what I was getting myself into. The place was packed out and we were going to "rock". We were going to be on the cutting edge.

What first? There were the Rolling Stones. Then later it was the Rolling Stone's brothers. The brothers were pretty on top of things with their ripped jeans and tambourines. I found you don't need alcohol to make yourself sick anymore..., forget sticking your fingers down your throat. All you need is a healthy dose of lame 70s rock in the lame 90s. The toilet's already wet – you don't even have to put the seat up when you puke.

The band we came to be near, Bladder x3, played in between thetwo Stones'. I heard they were from Manchester and I hoped I could dance to them. A shame they seemed all stiff. They were on the cutting edge just because they were the only non-rockers daring to play tonight. Of course they sounded like the brothers of the Sex Pistols... did the Sex Pistols ever sing about Jimmy Dean?

And lastly our own local hero, Motorcycle Boy's Francois (he smiled at me, I swear) – who seems to bring to mind kinescopic images of an actor trying to imitate Elvis in a T.V. mini-series. Sylvain x2 played on stage with the Boy's *(they did a bitchen [I don't care what Darby says] cover of "Trash" - Kerin).* I don't know why but I thought Sylvain was dead. Whilst I proceeded to pass out beside the stage the fans went "Ooooh baby ooooh baby" all the way home. –Darby

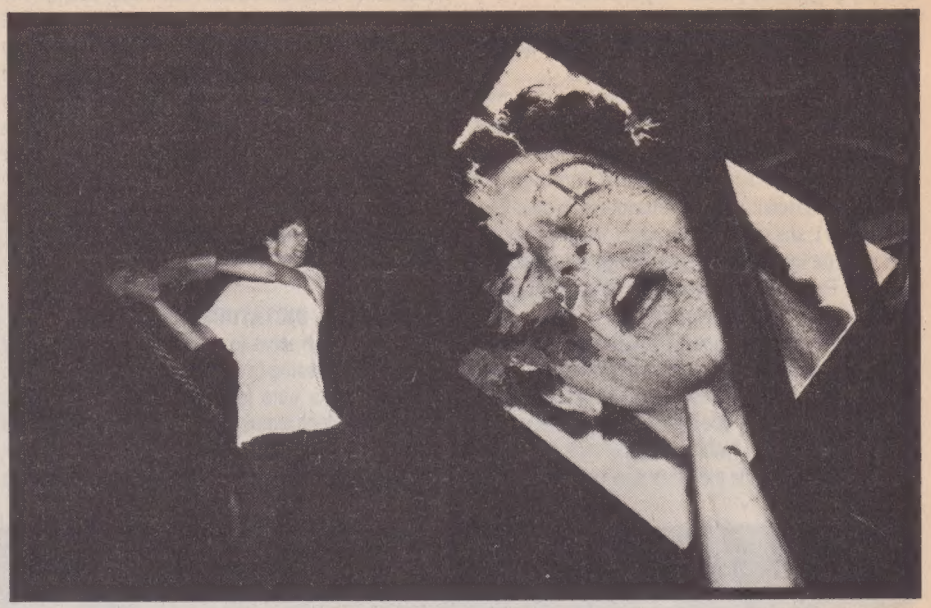
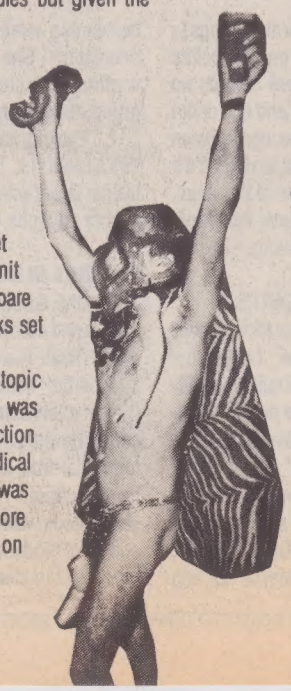


PHOTO BY PETER Z.

WILD DON PERFORMING A VILE ACT OF SELF-DENIGRATION AT RED ZONE



DOWNTOWN

STARTING IN NOVEMBER, I'M GOING TO BE PUTTING ON ART EXHIBITIONS ONCE A MONTH IN A DOWNTOWN SPACE. RIGHT NOW EACH SHOW WILL BE UP FOR ONE WEEKEND. HOPEFULLY, AFTER A YEAR, I WILL FIND A PERMANENT SPACE AND THE PROJECT WILL BECOME FULL TIME. ARTISTS INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING SHOULD GET IN TOUCH WITH ME THROUGH BID. THE SPACE IS SET UP FOR EVERYTHING FROM PAINTING TO INSTALLATIONS, INCLUDING FILM AND VIDEO (THOUGH PREPARATION TIME IS LIMITED). MY PARTICULAR BENT IS TOWARD VIDEO AND HIGHLY CONCEPTUAL ART, BUT ANYTHING THAT PROVOKES A RESPONSE WILL BE CONSIDERED. ALSO WRITE IF YOU WANT TO BE ON THE MAILING LIST. –MIKKI

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THE INTERNATIONAL POP UNDERGROUND CONVENTION

PHOTO: LEE JOSEPH

K organizers Calvin and Candice

At the end of March Zebra and I got this little thing in the mail: "K announces the International Pop Underground Convention to be held in Olympia, Washington on August 21-25, 1991. Music, Swimming, Discoing, Eating." "Wow" I say. What fun. Comfort meter in Washington hits 9 1/2 whereas the same meter can't even register the low score New York gets for its August weather. After witnessing the beauty that is Washington during previous Augusts (on tour with Yard Trauma), I knew that this was one social function we couldn't miss.

Oly seems to be a pretty tightly knit community, small enough to almost not need a car (but remember I'm from 'down South' where the difference between walking and driving distance is measured by inches), nice air and mostly friendly people. The town was abuzz with the forthcoming excitement. A vintage clothing store displayed a huge cardboard turntable with a gigantic aluminum foil K record on top. Groups of girls and guys wandered about. People said hi. No one asked if they could wash my windshield for a dollar.

The headquarters for the convention was the beautiful and old Capitol Theater. In the upstairs lobby was the consignment booth where you could pick up tons of indie singles, LPs, CDs, shirts, etc., for a song. The sweaty and large Northshore Surf Club, the historical Smithfield Cafe (which was so crowded that we couldn't get in for the spoken word show), the park by the lake (forgot its name), the many pubs and shops for looking, buying, eating, drinking and just hanging served as the festival's additional venues. My fave watering hole was this cocktail lounge in back of a restaurant where drinks were cheap and Jägermeister ran like water. I sat there for hours and hours on Saturday and observed the steady influx of Mummies, Headcoats, Girl Trouble, Fastbacks, Young Fresh Fellows, Beat Happening, near bankrupt record moguls and lumberjack type locals doing the social thing. What a scene!

As each day passed, more and more people filled the streets of Oly. People from all over the place made the pilgrimage. I don't think that the organizers of the show expected such a large turnout. This was one of the most well organized events, well, "happenings" that I have ever attended. From the opening night to the grand finale, things ran on time with no hang-ups, 'cept for maybe the Sub Pop sponsored barbecue in the soccer field of the college, where they ran out of food. Figures! At least we got there early enough to enjoy good company and even some vegan food. Not for me, thank you, but tons of alternative punk rock people enjoyed dancing the night away at the Northshore to some really horrible disco music. But somehow the dancing till dawn thing was a million times better than watching some infomercial on late night L.A. TV.

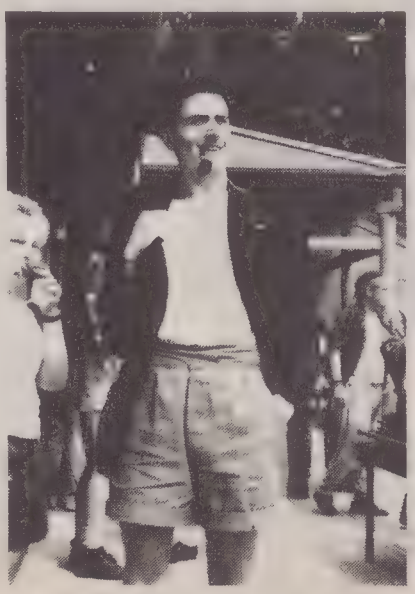

PHOTO: LEE JOSEPH

Headcoats' Billy Childish

Band members helped run the doors and everyone mingled. The event was definitely in the DIY/Punk Rock spirit, a vast contrast to the corporate schmoozefests. This was a celebration of how Punk Rock has actually changed things in a good way. Add this to the relaxing surroundings of Oly, the laid back locals and cops (on the last night while hundreds of kids filled the street in front of the Capitol Theater, many burning miniature American flags, a cop car pulled up and asked the kids to, "Please move onto the sidewalk, thanks." It couldn't happen in L.A., folks!), and the more than perfect weather equalled one perfect vacation.

★ WANTED ★

BY DARBY

Dena aka Megan, Molly, Eliza, Elizabeth, Beth, Liz, Audrey, etc.

This is a pretty picture of my pretty sister. You might not recognize her if you saw her today --she's a little older now, wears a wig because her hair all fell out from bleaching it too much, and recently got a nose job. When she had no money I let her stay at my house and torture me and my friends. In thanks she left owing me about $1000,00, gave me the honor of cleaning up the mess she left behind, and stole a few things, one being this photo (I had the neg) and a really gross picture I had of her that I wanted to use for this issue's cover. As her stay became more and more extended, and her invasions of my property and privacy became more and more invasive, I knew that I had to pay her back in the most personal way possible. Since she was routinely using my hair products, despite my objections, I peed in the bottles. If you haven't noticed, urea *is* listed as an ingredient in some shampoos, so I'm pretty sure she liked it.

Anyway, my dad is mad at me because he wants me to give him my sister's tax return checks, which supposedly arrived at my house after she vacated. He says that it's worse to give the money to the US government then to give it to my sister. Now I just happen to not remember ever receiving them but if I ever should find them, should I give them to her? They're only for about $50. I just can't get myself to do it... I mean if I did find them. Maybe if I got my stuff back in return...

This man was my other roommate (hi Ty). Trustworthy fool that I obviously am, I didn't believe my suspicions that he was splitting for good when he flew back to Chicago for what was supposed to only be a week. He owed me $900,00 for back rent, the phone bills, and other utilities (he ruined my credit since the bills were in my name by not paying his share even though he'd tell me that he had). By chance I found out from a friend of mine who was a friend of his that "Ty ain't coming back". So my pal Kerin and I cleaned up EVERYTHING he had left behind and had two hellish garage sales trying to gain back some of what I'd lost (dignity not included). I have lots of very large men's shoes for sale cheap. One of the biggest jokes of this incident was finding the micro-cassette recorder my dad had given me as a gift in one of his drawers, after I'd been turning the house upside down looking for it, kicking myself for losing it. Ty use to lend me *his* micro-recorder because I couldn't find mine and he sympathized with my distress. What a gas, HE had it all along.

Ty (though I still get bills for him under numerous aliases) is a "Buddhist". I found a batch of cards in his mess that said Nam-Myoho-Renge-Kyo, World Peace Through Inner Happiness. He never gave me one. I wonder what he's chanting for these days. I doubt it was for the summons left at my doorstep for him last night.

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THE THREE POINTS OF REVENGE

by Cliff Thurber

There seems to be a definitive psychology behind revenge. Since civilization began, man has sought to exercise control over his environment and fate, as well as that of others. When someone seeks to avenge themselves, essentially they're attempting to balance the scales of circumstances between themselves and some other entity that has inflicted an imposition onto them. This is done by returning in some form, a perhaps equal imposition. Hence, the balancing of circumstance resulting in our own self-contained judicial system. A sort of unsolicited karma delivery service. After having grasped this principle, there are some other things to consider.

When plotting your revenge, consideration should be given to the "equality factor." You may ask yourself, "Will these actions be par for the ones I received?" Remember, a good revenge is one relatively creating the judicial balance. Somehow, arsenic poisoning or concrete shoes don't seem to be commensurate for, say, a roommate drinking you last beer. Well, that's actually a bad example, but you get the gist of this particular item.

Another consideration is the "justifiability factor." When assessing your particular situation, try to evaluate whether it is worth avenging in the first place. Oftentimes you may find that revenge is not worth your time and effort. This is an important tenet of revenge because if an action dealt to you isn't a justifiable cause for some form of revenge, you can often end up simply validating some asshole's existence rather than administering justice. There are no hard fast rules here on this one, it's a judgement call. Remember, revenge should be sacrosanct and not something to throw about easily.

The last pillar is that of taste and decency. Anonymity is the operative word here. A successful revenge is not one in which you attach a "To" or "From:" card to like a Christmas present, but rather something that should pose numerous questions to the receiver. The desired end we want to achieve is not so much a "Hah, take that you bastard!" but instead a subtle cosmic sort of justice in which the brilliant architect is not revealed. A really great revenge...

Any great revenge plot can be easily relegated to a petty vendetta, but hopefully, you can avoid that with some of the things I've mentioned here. Good luck.

Revenge Tip #103-4

When you move out of your apartment and your landlords keep your deposit – lying that s/he had to replace the curtains, the carpet, etc. – even though you left the place spotless, they are basically asking for you to wreak havoc upon their life... for the rest of their life. I have lots of fun with my old landlord who did this to me. Besides calling the Department of Health and getting him fined for not paying for trash pick-up and leaving the place infested with cockroaches I still (two years later) call his office and talk to his secretary. "You just tell Mr. So and So that I AM pregnant. He'll know who this is." Be inventive, this is where you can let your creativity shine! (Darby)

When your landlord comes into your apartment unannounced and threatens to take your brand new Ibanez guitar if you don't pay the rent, you do what "Bubba" from Long Beach did. He got all his shit and moved it over to his friend's place in the apartment building next door. Then, he took a large bass that he had caught the night before and shoved it down a vent that went under the floor. Two days later, the landlord has the carpet steam-cleaned and the apartment freshly painted. As the paint dried, the bass began to putrefy, and the smell of rotting fish soaked into the walls. It took the landlord a whole month to finally find the fish, and subsequently he had to repaint and recarpet the whole place to get the smell out. (Ivy)

Gross.

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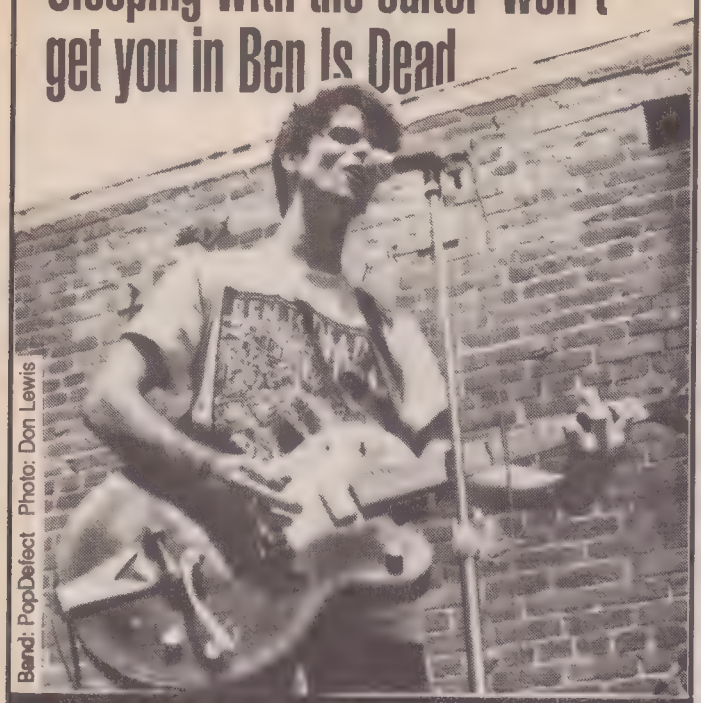

Band: PopDefect Photo: Don Lewis

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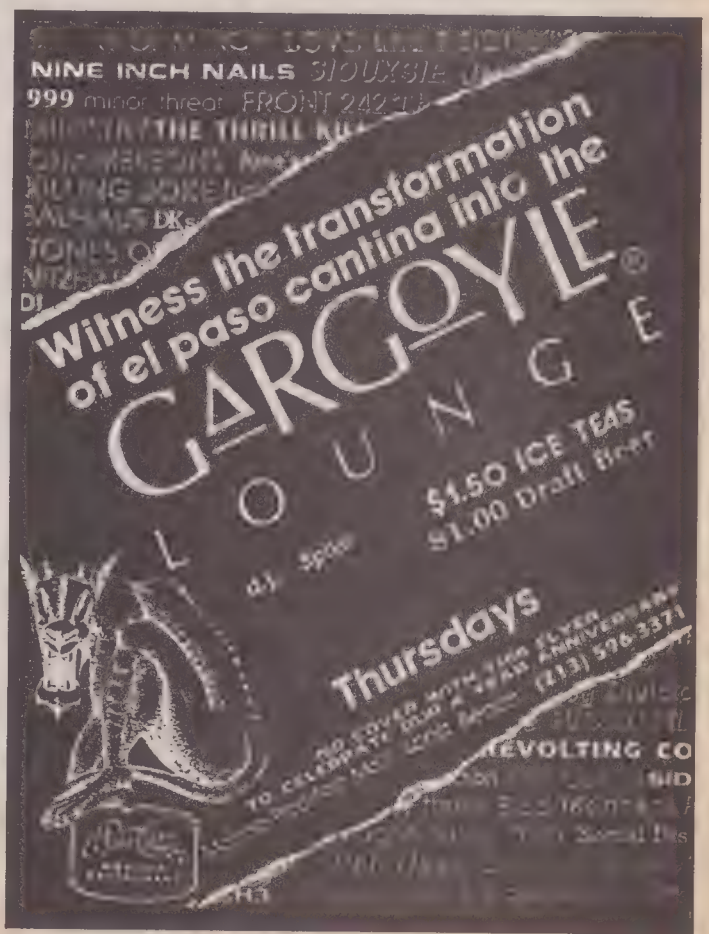

THE POWER OF REVENGE

BY MIKKI HALPIN

"I think you should work it out through revenge. It's the only way you'll make yourself feel better." *(advice from a friend)*

Revenge is a historical construct which incites pleasure, intensifies discourse and forms secret knowledges and technologies; it is a form of warfare. Skirmishes take place, cease fires are negotiated... and nothing is ever really settled.

It's seductive, this empowering feel good that will end whichever vicious cycle you've found yourself in, a ritual that transforms victims into activists, redeems the suffering, and vanquishes the innocent by acting out their feelings into potent reality.

Mouths water, and tongues wag as stories are told with gloating rapacity. Revenge allows the ordinary person, the victim, one who has been wronged, to quaff from the same elixir that vagabonds and miscreants get drunk on, as society nods approvingly.

Revenge appeals to the masochist—with its emphasis on power and its unequal distribution, both masochists and sadists have an obsessive need for the revenge activity.

Revenge, like punishment, can be sick, but it can also give pleasure.

Revenge is an auto da fe, a positive statement of self worth, and a sanctioned outlet for hostility. It's promoted as the opposite of a destructive internalization, the positive alternative to a dangerous introjection of pain. Revenge promises power and control—a narcissistic economy in which you are the power and the law. From feudal victim to monarchic ruler, the revengeful caress transforms a helpless subject into judge, jury, and executioner.

Revenge, with its thematic of liberation, assumes an a priori thematic of repression as its necessary term and condition. The implication is that if you don't take revenge, you are promoting a dangerous internalization, and allowing a misdeed to go unpunished. Revenge attempts to operate within the anarchic impulse, and it is not entirely exterior to that, but it confines that impulse to a series of strategic moves that will ultimately do nothing.

But revenge always already assumes that you are crisscrossing a binary structure—it sets up the victim/aggressor and suggests that you reverse it, that you can cause the flow of power to go from one pole to the other, and that you have a legitimate need to do so. At either end of this narrow path, desire is limited between two nonexistences. The issue becomes one of justification in an abyss of right/wrong, just/unjust, action/reaction.

Revenge, as a link between action and desire, locks you into opposition and fixes rebellion into a nonproductive position. Accompanied by a juridical construct, it merely furthers the conception of power as violent oppression. Within this mediated system, revenge, considered as an act of autonomy, offers the illusion of control over your destiny; within the cloak of "justice" sits power, naked and rigid with self righteousness.

Revenge is not productive, only reproductive of its own limit—the idea of power as law. Because it is bound by what Michel Foucault calls the juridico-discursive concept of power, revenge is doomed to repeat itself. Those who confuse terrorism with anarchy often perpetuate this repetition. But we have not yet, as Foucault reminds us, cut off the head of the king.

The anti-analysis backlash suggests that energy cannot be transformed, only returned, and perhaps escalated. Revenge seen as an empowerment—which assumes that you had no power over the original situation. It promises a reversal of the flow, but its definition, its necessary roles--which will be reversed, but not redefined--are that of victim and persecutor. Thus, revenge is only productive of energy when it is commodified, as a vehicle for a transfer of power.

Power is not finite. It cannot be exchanged or stolen.

Power in the soldified theater of revenge does not flicker, cannot be diverted, is not dynamic, but exists only in the complex strategic positions of victim and aggressor. But what if power is not a strategic point that can be taken? What if it is a dialectical process, a disjunctive series, a contradictive affect, a condition of possibility? Not a specific, crystalline point, but matrix of force relations which engender various (unstable states). The fluidity of reality allows for more complex alliances than simply those of combatants.

Revenge should only take place between consenting individuals.

Revenge Tips #75-77

HARMLESS BOMBS

To all those who do not wish to inflict bodily damage on their victims but only terror. These should be used from high places

1) Flour Bomb

Take a wet paper towel and pour a given amount of baking flour in the center. Then wrap it up and put on a rubber band to keep it together. When thrown it will fly well but when it hits, it covers the victim with the flour or causes a big puff of flour which will put the victim in terror since as far as they are concerned, some strange white powder is all over them. This is a cheap method of terror and for only the cost of a roll of paper towels and a bag of flour you and your friends can have loads of fun watching people flee in panic.

2) Fizzling panic

Take a baggie of a water-baking soda solution and seal it. Make sure there is no air in it since the solution will form a gas and you don't want it to pop on you. Then put it in a bigger plastic bag and fill it with vinegar and seal it. When thrown, the two substances will mix and cause a violently bubbling substance to go all over the victim. (The Jolly Roger)

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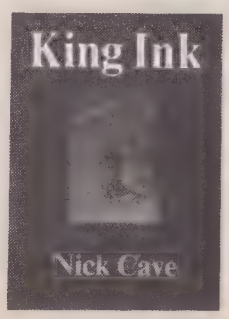

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13-POINT PROGRAM TO DESTROY AMERICA

INTERVIEW BY S. KARL RATTER

Youth. Paul Weller once belted out, "Life is a drink and you get drunk when you're young..." If you buy into this metaphor, then you would probably have to give some spare change to the notion that we spend the rest of our lives with a hangover. Proud, brash and defiant, youth is right goddammit, and if it's not, it doesn't want to know.

The Nation of Ulysses are up and flying as they gun their car around the track, jamming down the pedal like they're never coming back. These five handsome hipsters hail from our nation's capital, where they seek to form one of their own. N.O.U. hit the stage as some kind of mod rat pack: Young revolutionaries with steep dry cleaning bills. Their music is a frantic manifesto and their live shows seem fueled on pure cane sugar. Hot off the heels of touring with Fugazi, the Nation played the Jabberjaw Coffeehouse on September 2nd. With a new album, "The 13 Point Plan To Destroy America," at their side like a pearl handled pistol, N.O.U. fires off their jazz message of I Spy style hooliganism. After 20 cups of coffee and a flock of flapjacks, the Nation debriefed me between ironing creases.

PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

NATION OF ULYSSES: ANOTHER CUTE BOY BAND AND KEY MEMBERS OF THE (D.C.) YOUNG PEOPLE COMMUNITY (L TO R) A. GAMBOA, S.P. KRONER, J.D. CANTY, I.F. SVENONIUS, T.A. GREEN

OK, so what's Nation of Ulysses?

I: Nation of Ulysses is basically a shadow succession...We're basically just declaring a new identity for our community and we're calling it a nation...we're a political group, we're not really in a rock group, not at all. We're a political party, a terrorist group.

If somebody asked you if you're an American, what would you say?

I: Well, geographically maybe, but definitely, you know, we're Ulyssian. This is a nation which exists...

Unto itself?

I No, it's an underworld.

SG: Like a global village. (laughter)

I: It might exist like in other geographical regions but that doesn't mean that we're constrained by the laws or anything that the United States has foisted on us. The thing about it is making new rules. Nobody chose where they were going to be born, I don't really find any solace in that. With Nation of Ulysses, things must be changed. So that's what Nation of Ulysses is...that's all on the syllabus, we have a program.

Is this music unique?

I: Yeah, because music's the only thing kids care about now so we see it as a perfect medium for indoctrination. That's just sensory, though. We also have literature...there's a visual thing we've been getting across. A lot of our things have to do with aesthetics because we believe there has to be a new uniform if we're fighting a war, which we are. So everything that we wear is part of our dialectic. There's a purpose to it. So our haircuts harken back to the juvenile delinquent period of the fifties because we recognize youth as an oppressed class. Youngblood is the keyword, ...and that's a political thing. We're 18 because we align ourselves with the dispossessed kids who have no power and we see ourselves as having no power and as being kids, so that's why we're 18.

What kind of credit do you give to the wisdom of experience and age as far as getting older and knowing more? Do you think that's just as valid as being young and still having your ideas left? Or do you think getting older makes you more moderate and jaded?

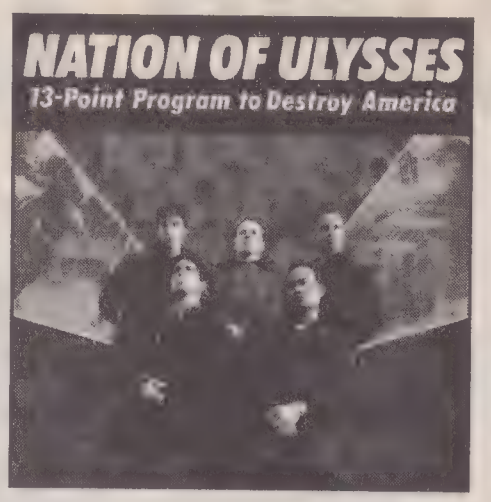
I: Yeah. We're only interested in a few facts of moderation. Mostly we regard youth's impetuosity as really vital. We think young people have the fire. It's all political, whom you align yourselves with. So if you align yourself with the young then declare yourself to be 18. With that you're basically saying you'll be impetuous, I'm gonna eat sugar and all those things. You can be 12 and you can align yourself with that age and then you can go try to get a rock contract. You know what I'm saying?

SK: You could be 60 years old and be modern, just don't fall into the pattern that everybody else is doing or expected to do or supposed to do because when you're young you're not expected to follow the pattern, but when you're old all of a sudden you're expected to. What we say is basically fuck that, you don't have to...

I: We say "Off the Pigs." "The revolution has come/ Go and get your gun/Off the pigs/Off the pigs."

NATION OF ULYSSES 13-POINT PRO

J: Off Jerry Garcia.
I: Off all the archaic remains of the old order.
I was saying to somebody last night 'God, I love it because they're like a jazz, punk, noise band.' You guys have a lot of different elements going on... You think you're unconsciously bringing in anything as far as your jazz element is concerned?
I: We're a soul band, but that's only because soul is something that no one can take from you. We come from Soulsville USA.
And the jazz message?
SK: We do jazz tunes.
What do you think as far as bands and shows are concerned? What do you think of the entertainment value versus musicianship versus sheer power?
SK: It's all important, you can't have one without the other. You can have a brilliant live performance but be a shitty band musically. I don't think you can survive...That's attracted us because we have both, we have an interest in sound as much as the live performance.
I: I think Sammy Davis Jr. said it, "There's two words in show business. One's show and one's business." And Nation of Ulysses says destroy the business and continue the show. Probably doesn't answer the question, I just wanted to say that. Finding a medium that makes things interesting, that's what a good sound's about. Musicianship doesn't really have a lot to do with that. I've seen bands which are completely incompetent musicians but musically find really great way to site stuff, so there.
I: But also showmanship is all about making a space vital. You see these shows and they just merge along the old footsteps of what's come before, eventually it's going to become a completely stale medium. People will have to find ways to break it out if anything's going to happen. Nation of Ulysses isn't just interested in rock n' roll. The image we want to create isn't about entertainer/entertainee. We want an exchange of ideas and we want something a lot more ferocious besides music. Everything we do isn't nodding back to Chuck Berry or Art Blakey. We're basically about something new. Rock n' roll is a dead medium...
T: It's kind of irrelevant to even talk about that. It was killed by the large corporations that bought it out, used it to sell things. Doesn't mean anything more now.
But people still want to hear guitar music.
T: The guitar doesn't have anything to do with rock n' roll. You have to remember they use guitars in jazz, soul and blues, too.
For your songs, do they each mean a different thing to each one of you? From my experience, playing a show, each member of the band comes out of it with a different experience...



SK: Nation of Ulysses is more or less a collective. So when somebody brings a song in, by the time everyone else has come in contact with it, it's become part of the collective. So it's all of our songs and we all bring our own meanings to it and it just comes together. I don't think that there has been a song written that just meant one thing. Our thing's aimed collectively. Each one might address a different facet of the revolution, but collectivized, they're all aimed at the destruction of the existing order and the old order...As far as our songs go, I think they mean the same things...
I once heard someone say they didn't listen to anything except political-punk, revolutionary music because anything else was sort of pacifistic, even at the level of instrumental music, old soul...
I: I don't agree with that at all. You're talking about a sensation, a feeling projected. That's why we talk about the aesthetic, because it all gets the message across. Sound can overturn the existing order with a song like Smokey Robinson and the Miracles', "Mickey's Monkey." That could, like, overturn everything. But people like that, driven so politically, are just destroying a revolution...
Nation of Ulysses has doctrines.
I: Nation of Ulysses has doctrines, but the main word is "yeah." "Yeah" has total power. It's a total word of empowerment for kids. And also the word "C'mon." I think it is a very important word. They're both revolutionary words and battle cries. We see our record as a new weapon, and Dischord is our arms manufacturer. We made this weapon and we're proliferating it. We want to spread this dogma, this doctrine everywhere, 'cause we see it as way more powerful than small arms. We see it as a virus. We want to give the idea we're of one unified concept, it's not like we're the Village People. We're giving kids a rallying point to gather. As prophets there are certain things we have to worry about on tour. It's all aesthetics, your visual appearance is always very powerful. It's no irony that almost every kid in the United States looks like the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Yeah and that's political. That's all about decadence and it's all about...that's what I was going to say about rock n' roll bands nowadays, like so called underground bands, they take back anything before they say the slightest little political thing. Then they deny everything like, "Hey man, we're not preaching." But we're preaching, we're total prophets. So when we see the Red Hot Chili Peppers look with their whole tattoo, beach muscle thing, that's completely abhorrent to us and it's all about body and physical sensualism which is part of the decadent, old world. Nation of Ulysses is all about mind/body duality. The atrophy of the body is no big deal to us, that's why we talk about sugar. Because sugar is a means which will launch us into the new order. Sugar.
Does coffee equal life?
I: Coffee is good. But sugar is a more pure form because a lot of kids don't like coffee. Coffee's kinda for old people.
J: It's bad for your bowels.
Yes, it is a diuretic.
I: We don't take anything back and if people want to call us Nazis, they're really messed up.
Talk about your song "Hot Chocolate City" as opposed to (Beat Happening's) "Hot Chocolate Boy".
J: It's about the motherland, man.
I: Our mother city that is, Washington D.C. It's called

PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

ALL CREATURES KILL – THERE SEEMS TO BE NO EXCEPTION. BUT OF THE WHOLE LIST MAN IS THE ONLY ONE THAT KILLS FOR FUN;

Chocolate City. That's its nickname. We're also saying it's a hot place. And it was written before "Hot Chocolate Boy" by Beat Happening. It takes lyrics from a Patty Smith record where she does "My Generation." At the end she says 'we create it, take it over.' So we stole that lyric because that sums it all up to us. Like rock n' roll was taken by the people who didn't own it, our music. We're grassroots, the show we played last night was our first Los Angeles show because we never knew how to get on L.A. shows before that. That's why we're on Dischord Records. Everything's about how we have to win what we have...

Ok, how about "P-Power"?

J: "P-Power" is Philippine supremacy.

SG: We prefer to say Philippine empowerment. The P stands for the Philippines which is my country of origin and it's not anti-white, but pro-Filipino.

I: He aligns us with NPA, the New People's Army of the Philippines, who are struggling against the United States' corporate interest controlling their land.

T: It's also just one example of the man coming over and fucking people over.

SG: Yeah, you know that's a microcosm of the greater situation, it's a metaphor.

As far as I can see, the way the revolution can fall flat sometimes is during the word-into-action process. Sometimes people are afraid to act and if they are what makes them do that? Is it better to say...blow up a bank immediately, or plan out something long term?

T: I think it's better to blow up a bank.

But where's the springboard for ideas into action?

I: We don't really have a real plan how things will happen. We're doing what we can. We had these riots in Mount Pleasant where we all live and they came off as joyous events.

SG: During the Mt. Pleasant Riots (kids vs. pigs), chain stores were destroyed, but small Latino businesses were left alone. Mt. Pleasant is a border between the neighborhood where The Man lives and where the people live. The surrounding neighborhoods that are racially separated came together: it was cool. The headlines stated "Youths Looking For Trouble." But they should have said, "Youths Sick of Taking Shit."

I: All of us had been waiting for this to happen all through the eighties, 'cause all Reagan's programs were gonna drive people to mania and everybody would be running down the street. That was never the case. I gave up on that prospect a long time ago so...In Mt. Pleasant, people just broke out and started burning cop cars, everybody knew what to do. The thing was, it was really joyous.

T: The fact we're playing all ages shows, the fact that we're destroying an aesthetic...all this is revolutionary. It's only a matter of time before we start knocking off cops...We definitely know...Nation of Ulysses, we're going to start a school and indoctrinate the kids. (laughter)

T: Verse them in five point plan...

SG: Show him your finger.

I: Oh yeah. During the riots I was being chased by these cops. I looked down and thought my finger was jammed and was trying to strain it but a rock had somehow cut one of the tendons and blood was gushing down my arm. I went to the doctor who said I'd be all right, but I wasn't all right and it happened to be my middle finger. That's why my middle finger is always upraised. If you see me giving you the finger, don't be offended, unless you're a pig.

It's symbolic yet utilitarian.

I: Exactly. Kinda of a lucky break. Har, har. So we don't want to be like a rock n' roll band on a minor level like all those other bands that are just content to go around talking about making records or the alternative industry or this or that club...fuck that. Nation of Ulysses is referring to other things. We're about ideas and ideology and aesthetics.

T: We were offered to play a show with Dinosaur Jr. in New York. We would have made all this money but the admission was $15. We knew it would be a totally decadent show with kids who like Dinosaur Jr. I wouldn't pay $15 to see any show.

SG: Especially Dinosaur Jr.

SK: That's what this is all about. It's ridiculous to get into shows now. We were up in Canada looking at a list on a chalkboard of shows that were coming. You got bands like Fishbone at the top charging $25 and Fugazi's down at the bottom charging $6.50. You don't have to pay all that money. A band can still live off that. It's ridiculous. Fuck that.

I: That's a total political thing. Fugazi is destroying this whole order by keeping things low priced. They opened up things for us because we do things all ages and they do too and that's really helped because they create a precedent. But they didn't use to be the only ones doing it. When I was 14 to 16, any band that even approached this rock thing was completely disowned by punk rockers. But now people couldn't give a shit.

I: In fact, they reject any bands now that have any kind of political aspirations. It's become a really cynical pose thing which is just basically laziness. It aspires to nothing except...

J: ...Refusal to use your mind, it's pretty ridiculous...

SK: ...A different state of Babylon.

Some people subscribe to the ideology that if you can screw over a large company, it's OK just because it's a large company and then they might not see the long term ramifications. If I dick over the airlines, for instance, will that result in higher ticket prices or does that even matter? Are you in a sense fighting the system saying, "Well, it's all happening against me, so I might as well do what I can," or is that a little too Machiavellian? Where do you draw the line? Does this mean you're just as bad as the large corporations?

PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

SK: I think we're all just as bad. I think some of us just try harder than others not to be as bad. Some of us try to live up to our ideals, the things we set up for ourselves. Then there are those people who set ideals but they don't live up to them. I think everyone has the potential to do fucked up things-and we all will. But some of us trying a little harder not to, and I don't think it's a question of where you draw the line as to what you have to do to survive. If you're gonna deny my survival them, yeah, I'll take what I need.

I: And also, Nation of Ulysses totally says steal from corporations. The corporate people, the barons of today, they're the fucking feudal lords of today.

SK: We're not blaming them, we're just gonna take from them.

SG: There's a difference between being a crook and a thief in unison.

Yeah. C'mon.

In unison: The Nation must prevail!! ■

CRUZ RECORDS PRESENTA

=PSYCHOPOWER=

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"BATCH"

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CHEMICAL PEOPLE SO SEXIST! (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 002; TEN FOLD HATE (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 007; THE RIGHT THING (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 013; "ANGELS 'N' DEVILS" (10" LP/ CD EP) CRZ 019; "SURRENDER/GETAWAY" (Split 7" w/ BIG DRILL CAR) CRZ 701

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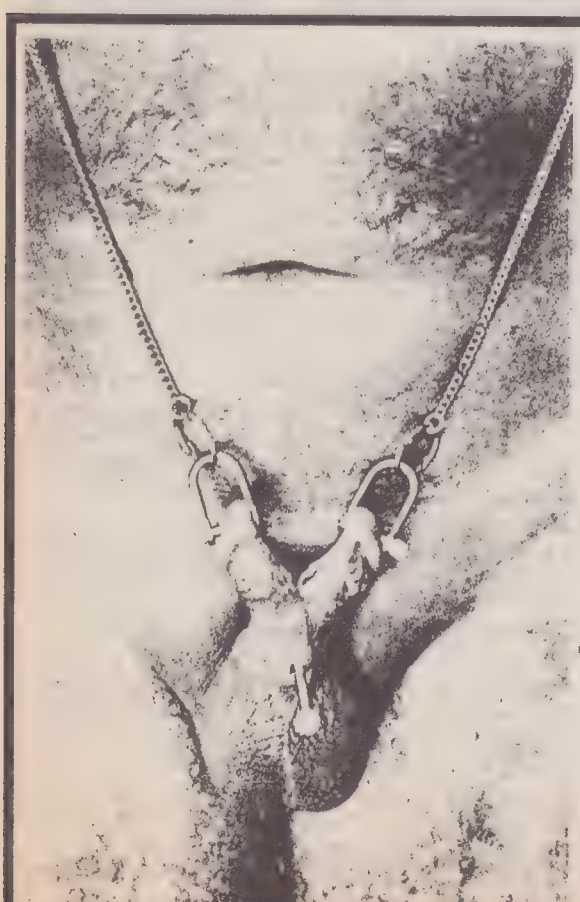

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ALL THE SLAVING AND HARD WORK FOR THIS VERY LONG, VERY IN DEPTH INTERVIEW WAS DONE BY EVAN

PHOTO BY ANNABELLE PORT

BLISTER MAKING FRIENDS AT EVAN AND IVY'S

...And you guys are from?

Noah: They're all from San Francisco, I'm from Oakland.

Charles: He's being a Nationalist.

East Bay.

Noah: Yeah, that's right, I'm East Bay.

You have one record out?

Noah: Yeah, we've got one 7" out and a song on another 7" compilation. Charles lives in a collective in San Francisco called Studio Four and this guy who lives there put out this record called Collective Conscience which has four bands who are all part of the collective in some way.

How long have you been together?

Doug: Two years.

And you (Noah) were in Christ On Parade?

Noah: Yeah, and Doug was too.

Meaningless talk about footwear ensues as the band realizes I'm already out of questions.

Doug: So somebody died at our show last night.

I heard

Doug: He got shot.

Noah: About two feet from our van. The cops had it taped off.

Doug: We couldn't load after the show because they were drawing the chalk lines and cleaning up the blood.

Did you see it happen?

Doug: No we were struggling through our set.

Noah: See, Toe Jam had the hip hop/dance club going on at the same time, which I think is a cool idea – to like mix people up and everything.

But there are a lot of psycho gang members around here (Long Beach).

Charles: I thought the concept was really cool with the artwork all over the walls.

Noah: I used to rap with all the homeboys in high school at Berkeley High. All the Oaktown boys used to lie about their addresses so they could go there and that was my way to get to them 'cause I could battle them. It was like a word battle.

You would rap against each other?

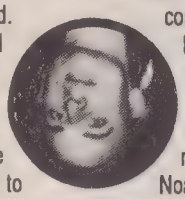
Noah: Yeah, and I would just fully cap on them so hard and they couldn't kick my ass because all their fucking friends were just laughing at them. It was so fucking fun!

So is it time for the Toe Jam exposé?

Noah: Yeah, oh but first we went to Super Mex (entire band cheers). It was awesome. Then when we were going into the club all of the security guards checked our gear for contraband. They went through everything looking for alcohol, drugs, and guns.

Charles: Apologizing profusely.

Noah: And then somebody fucking died.



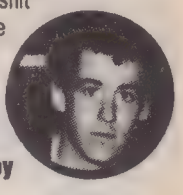
Doug: The microphones were all fucked up. They were cutting out all through the set, and then after the show one of the microphones disappeared. It was just gone and so the promoter had the security guards search our stuff again to look for the microphone.

Noah: It was weird cause he was a nice guy but he was saying "Yeah, I'm sorry, it was just a really bad night and uh, hey, could you go check their gear for that microphone?", like in the same sentence. Totally fucking casual about it... I thought it was hella rude.

Doug: It *was* rude. But who knows what has happened to him before to make him not trust people. I mean, running a club has got to be pretty stressful.

Noah: And then we had to hang out for hours while they took photographs of our van. The security guards were intense though. They totally beat up this drunk guy out front. I guess he stumbled.

Doug: He was just drunk. An old wino right? And totally smiling, the security guy just knocked him to the ground and pulled out a fucking slapjack and hit him a few times. Then he picked him up and pushed him down the street and a lighter and some shit fell out of the guy's pocket, the security guy grabbed it and stuck it into his own pocket. He was such a slimeball man, he was laughing and shit.



It's really strange that they were carrying guns.

Doug: At an all ages show!

Back to the band.

Doug: Okay, well one thing about our music is that we try to keep it interesting for us to play. We change our songs. We play some of the same songs that they wrote like a year and a half ago but they're a lot different then they were.

Noah: We just mutate our songs.

Mike: We even have a nine minute song that got cut into three songs.

Charles: Evolution of music...

Doug: We try to keep it... it turns out pretty complex.

Noah: Yeah, like a lot of time goes into the arrangements.

Doug: Right, so it's not the 4/4 rock thing at all.

Charles: All the riffs that I write on bass are never in 4/4, it's all always really off.

Doug: We have a hard time trying to match our guitar riffs with out bass riffs because they're so different. He's got a completely different sense of rhythm than what we're thinking...

Noah: It comes out polyrythmic.

Doug: Unintentionally but...

Noah: There's a lot of bands sort of doing this progressive jazz-core punk thing that is so scattered that they totally alienate the listener.

Charles: Self-indulgent

Doug: Yeah. But I think...

Doug: We're self indulgent..

Noah: We are but I think we've got some grooves going.

Charles: Yeah, and it's nice when we see an audience responding to our music but I don't like the music for that effect.

Noah: Most of the time they stand there and look at us... and it's weird cause it's music you sorta have to concentrate on...

Doug: It's a lot different then Christ on Parade, which is good for us. Like when Noah asked me if I wanted to join the band – he's like 'You've got to realize that nobody is ever going to like us – We're never going to go anywhere', that's what he said.

Noah: Because we're playing completely weird, out of wack nonsense.

Mike: Especially at that time... The first time we jammed I was sitting behind this drum kit with my jaw on the ground just going 'huh?' That was like their easiest stuff they'd come up with so far.

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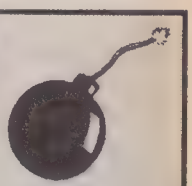
BLISTER

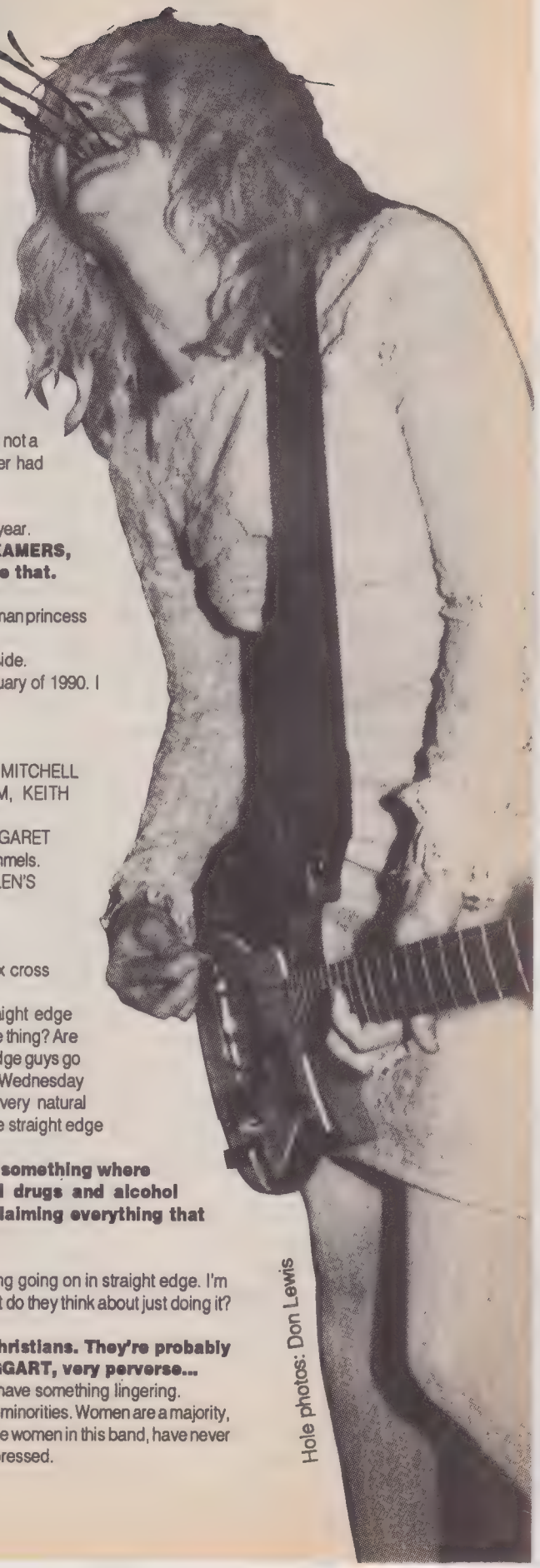
Noah: He couldn't play at all.
Doug: Yeah, he had been playing barely as long as the band had been together – six months or something.
Mike: Not even six, about three.
Noah: So, he's gone a long way in two years.
Doug: A really long way.
Charles: We want to mention our friend Kevin
Noah: He's the cook.
Charles: He does everything for us.
Noah: He tells us where to go and we drive.
You don't make him drive?
Charles: He doesn't know how to drive. When we toured with Neurosis they kept giving us shit... for stealing stuff, stealing riffs, stealing the name.
Noah: They have a song called Blister.
Doug: Yeah, but what's funny about that is the last line in that song was stolen from a Christ On Parade song.
Noah: That I wrote.
Doug: So it was kind of a tradeoff.
Noah: Yeah they called me and asked if they could use my words in their song, cause they fit really well. So I said sure, and then later I said hey can we steal our name from that song.
Charles: Actually we spent months and months trying to come up with a name, we had lists of hundreds of names and nothing sounded right.
Noah: We were called Resin once when we had a different drummer. But Blister seemed appropriate because at that time both Charles and Mike had holes in their hands.
Charles: We don't get them much any more
Mike: We've got callouses now.

Revenge Tip #934



When your friend is really trying to piss you off, or is just boring you in general, I always found a fun thing to do was to keep handy a tube of Orajel (you know, the stuff that makes your mouth numb for teeth and gum pain – it's available at the grocery store – I don't know the poisons that it's made up of). Well, when they are least expecting it (no one ever really expects this do they?), stick some Orajel onto your finger and shove it into your friend's mouth. That's it. Your friend will obviously think s/he has just been poisoned or something and just torture them with the concept for a while. I imagine a less obvious technique would be to put some on their straw or something else they're going to stick into their mouth. Fun for all ages. (Darby)

HOLE



IN A RELATIVELY SHORT PERIOD OF TIME, HOLE HAVE RISEN UP OUT OF NOWHERE TO BEING ONE OF L.A. AND THE NATION'S MOST TALKED ABOUT, CONTROVERSIAL AND UNIQUE PURVEYORS OF SONIC SLUDGE, COLORED BY THEIR OWN DISTINCTIVE BRAND OF FEMINISM. LOVE 'EM OR HATE 'EM, HOLE CAN DEFINITELY NOT BE IGNORED, ALTHOUGH SOME UNINFORMED WRITERS OUT THERE SEEM TO FORGET ABOUT ERIC'S PRESENCE ON GUITAR AND LABEL THEM "ALL FEMALE." HOLE'S FIRST ALBUM, "PRETTY ON THE INSIDE," PRODUCED BY KIM GORDON OF SONIC YOUTH AND DON FLEMING OF BALL AND VELVET MONKEYS FAME, IS NOW OUT,SATISFYING APPETITES WHETTED BY THE SYMPATHY AND SUB POP 45'S. LED BY THE QUITE OUTSPOKEN AND NOTORIOUS COURTNEY LOVE, HOLE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM TOURING THE U.S. AND EUROPE AS WELL. I ENCOUNTERED HOLE AT JABBERJAW ONE EVENING A WHILE BACK – THE RESULTS SHOULD'VE SEEN THE PAGES OF THIS MAG SOONER BUT I WAS TOO FUCKING LAZY, SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW? -BY MIKE SNIDER.

What did everybody do before—Courtney has a long history...

Courtney: I've been around the block. Let's not go into it. Let's just say I was up for a commercial with RODNEY ALLEN RIPPIE and fuckin' MASON REEVES.

Who?

Courtney: Mason Reeves was a crippled DANNY BONADUCE type child star. He wound up about 4'1" with a big jones on the Lower East Side.

The BOBBY DRISCOLL of the '80s or '90s.

Courtney: Who isn't the Bobby Driscoll? DANA PLATO. We were gonna call our album "Dana Plato."

What did everyone else do?

Courtney: I know for a fact that Eric was in his room listening to the records he pulled off his record shelf tonight. Should I start naming them? He's excused. He worked in a record store so he got lots of free 12"s, like EURYTHMICS.

Were you in FAITH NO MORE?

Courtney: I say two years. They say six months. I recorded something that never came out.

Jill: I heard they're releasing that as a single. On the B side's gonna be the DECADENTS.

You were in a pop band with Jennifer from L7 and Kat from BABES IN TOYLAND, too...

Courtney: Yeah. This was after FAITH NO MORE, '84 and '85. I was way in my teens.

Then you were in ALEX COX'S pictures.

Courtney: I hate talking about that. I was a professional actress a few times in my life because things came to me. I didn't go anywhere to be an actress.

Jill was in the SUPER HEROINES and the DECADENTS.

Courtney: I'll pay good money for a Decadent single.

Eric: Silvia (Juncosa).

Courtney: Jill's been playing music a long time. She's played over a thousand shows.

Jill: Like JUDY GARLAND in "Over the Rainbow". I loved every one of them.

Carol Anne, what did you do?

Carol Anne: My first band was called SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED. Then it went to IUD.

Jill: I remember IUD—that was with midget girls. I saw them.

Carol Anne: And the OMELETS.

Courtney: Eric was never in another band. He's as pure as the virgin snow. All of us floozies been around the block, been in a million bands, but Eric's not a band floozy. This is the only band he's ever had except the cover band in San Pedro.

How long has Hole existed?

Eric: The real Hole has been together one year.

I saw you with the HARD ONS, CREAMERS, and LEAVING TRAINS at XYZ before that.

Courtney: That was the false Hole, legally.

Eric: That was LEIPZIG HOLE. It had the German princess and the Mennonite god.

Courtney: Us Catholics were swept to the side.

Eric: The real Hole has existed since February of 1990. I remember the day.

Courtney: We're a RECYCLER band.

What are your influences?

Carol Anne: Drummers. I liked the MITCH MITCHELL thing. BILLY COBHAM, JOHN BONHAM, KEITH MOON. PSYCHOS.

Courtney: My spiritual leader would be MARGARET KEANE. The KEANE painters—big eyes. Hummels. The basic Avon collection-pre-'78. VAN HALEN'S first album. FOREIGNER 4.

FOGHAT?

Courtney: Fuck Foghat. That's prog rock.

Eric: I came from straight edge. I try to mix cross dressing with straight edge.

Courtney: I'm really curious about the straight edge guys' point of view on sex. Is it a virgin/whore thing? Are they into Catholic minimalism? Do straight edge guys go down on us girls? Is it "chick on top" Monday, Wednesday and Friday? I'm sure homosexuality is a very natural organic straight edge sort of thing. Are there straight edge girls? Do they get their tits done?

Straight edge always seemed to be something where kids who couldn't get laid or find drugs and alcohol rationalized their situation by proclaiming everything that lay out of reach for them to be evil.

Carol Anne: So they're celibate.

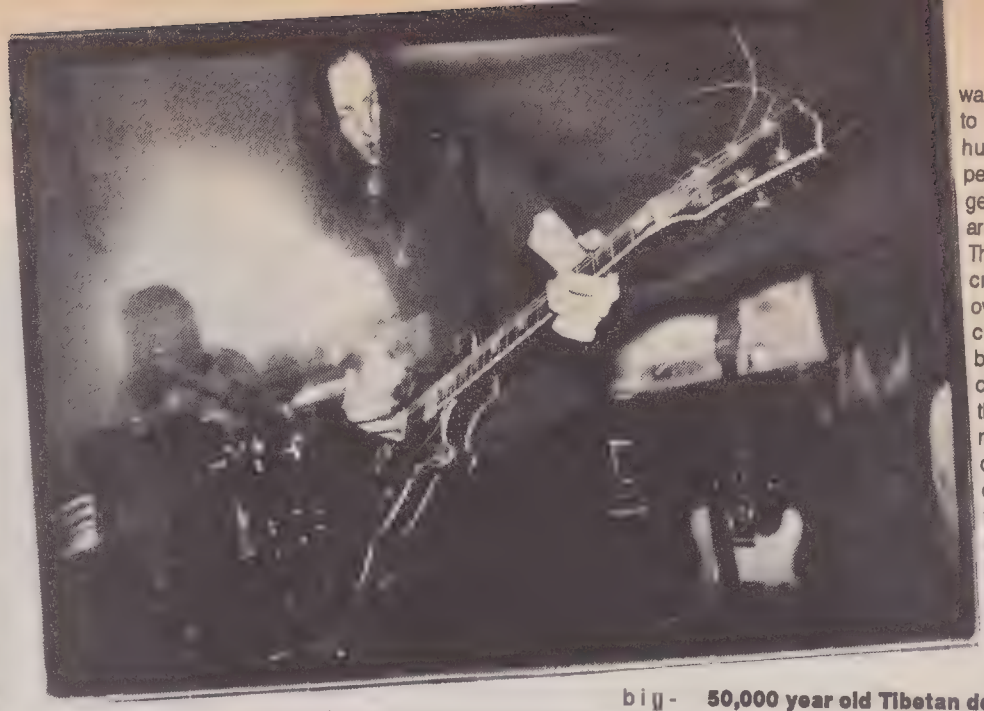
Courtney: I sense a definite BONO VOX thing going on in straight edge. I'm on a crusade about this. I wanna know. What do they think about just doing it? Orgiastic, nine hour bouts. Doggy style.

It's probably like with born-again Christians. They're probably like JIM BAKKER and JIMMY SWAGGART, very perverse...

Jill: Most people who suppress something have something lingering.

Courtney: They talk about saving oppressed minorities. Women are a majority, but we're a prime oppressed minority. We, the women in this band, have never been repressed or thought about being repressed.

Hole photos: Don Lewis



The straight edge people are narrow minded...

Courtney: I just wanna know if they think like us loud girls. Vulgar.

Eric: HANK influenced this band a lot.

Sr. or Jr.?

Eric: Hank's a whole different thing.

Courtney: We're going to go to Washington, DC. They're going to talk to me. I'm going to be on some beer and I'm going to say, "hey baby, I douche," and they're going to say, "vulgar!" I am a Vulgarian, me and IVANA TRUMP. Ivana Trump is my spiritual mentor. What are your influences, Jill?

Jill: Cutting someone's head off and going bowling with it. That was a dream.

Straight edge is hypocrisy and narrow minded attitudes, ultimately.

Jill: Life is like that.

Courtney: Solo straight-edge. PC SE. I've been arrested for civil disobedience three times in my life, not including the times I was arrested with my parents at Berkeley. So don't you tell me, in everything I do, which includes chopping off part of my body. Fucking. Augmenting wearing FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD underwear that makes my butt look bigger, everything I do represents the hardcore militant feminist in me. That's not just a fact – that's written in stone. Don't you EVER tell me I'm not politically correct.

You have a definite look about you...

Courtney: In 1980 I saw CHRISTINA AMPHLETT of the DIVINYLS at the EUPHORIA TAVERN. She was wearing a little teeny dress. That was it – I stole it from the Divinyls. And also NINA BLACKWOOD, the rock shag. MARY TYLER MOORE.

Jill: Mary.

Courtney: I come from Portland. Let's list the people who come from Portland: GREG SAGE, KINGSMEN, two members of the SONICS come from Portland. Tacoma and Portland are a second away. KATHERINE DUNN who wrote "Green Love" – the goddess of all time, and an addict too. GUS VAN ZANDT who directed "Drugstore Cowboy." KAT BJELLAND of BABES IN TOYLAND. Myself. CHRIS NEWMAN of NAPALM BEACH. GERRY MOHR, and MATT ROGERS (MIRACLE WORKERS). POISON fucking IDEA, GERRY A, TOM PIG. How about San Pedro and West Covina? Eric's got San Pedro stories.

Eric: A rich cultural history.

Carol Anne: I went to the party. "Bye Bye, Beacon Street." They tore down Beacon Street. From the 1890s to the 1920s it was all saloons and whorehouses. You could not walk down that street. You'd get knifed or shanghaied.

Jill: It was like Australia.

Eric: It was the biggest port.

Courtney: Eric used to drive by GREG GINN'S house on his paper route and hear BLACK SABBATH.

All your songs have a definite point of view?

Courtney: The point of view of a Keane painting. I write a lot of feminist stuff, because I am a hardcore militant feminist. Don't you fucking forget it Ian!

Hard core fucking feminist, like Harley fucking Davidson...

Courtney: A separatist. If we had a planet of just women we'd do fine.

Like one of those cheesy sci-fi flicks, "Mesa of Lost Women" or "Queen of Outer Space."

Courtney: I never saw those.

What is "Retard Girl" about?

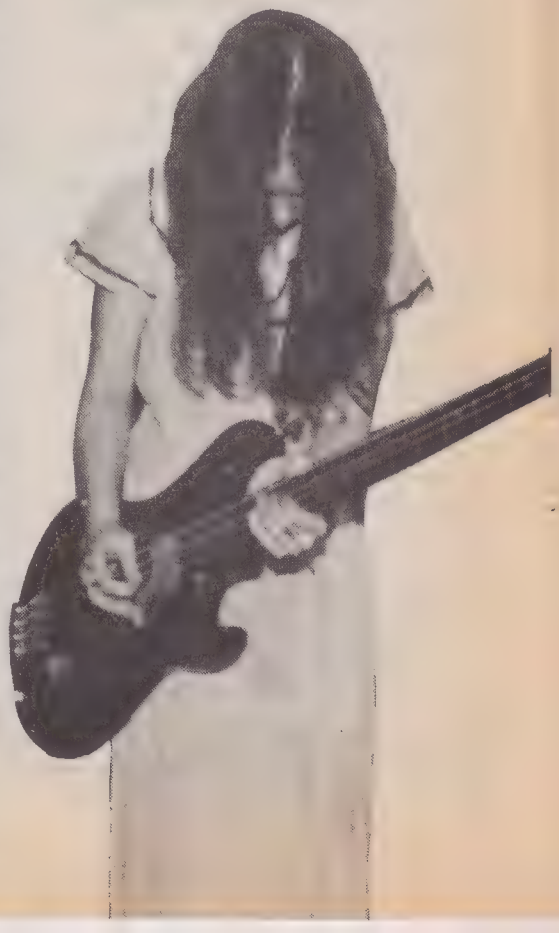
Courtney: Scapegoatism. Levels, hierarchies of waste. People choose to be scapegoated. In human behavior, people are comfortable getting shit on. People are born cross-eyed. They get shit for being cross-eyed. You get over it or you don't. I can't stand people being picked on because of their face, or they're fat, or their nose, or their moles, or their retarded parents, or they can't flirt, or they're not smoking pot and getting fucked in the ass at football games.

They're not channeling 50,000 year old Tibetan deities...

Courtney: That's a very Northwest thing. New Age started in the Northwest. We moved up there because my parents were hippies. All the hippies all went out from the mountains and became mountain hippies. I went to BALAAN FEST 84 with my stepfather. These hippies were coming down from the hills and picking the lice off their heads. They live on cheese food and welfare in obscure hamlets in Oregon and Southern Washington. Oregon's a mixture of white trash, hippies, and Nike money. But we're basically a San Pedro band, minus me.

Is "Dicknail" about rape?

Courtney: It's about incest. "Hey daddy..." that should've clued you in, Mike.



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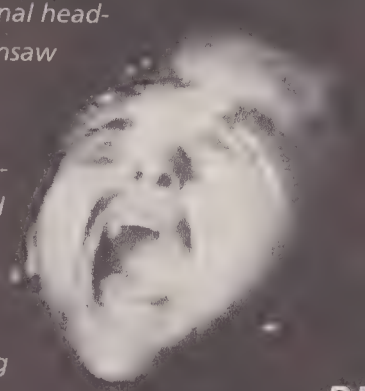

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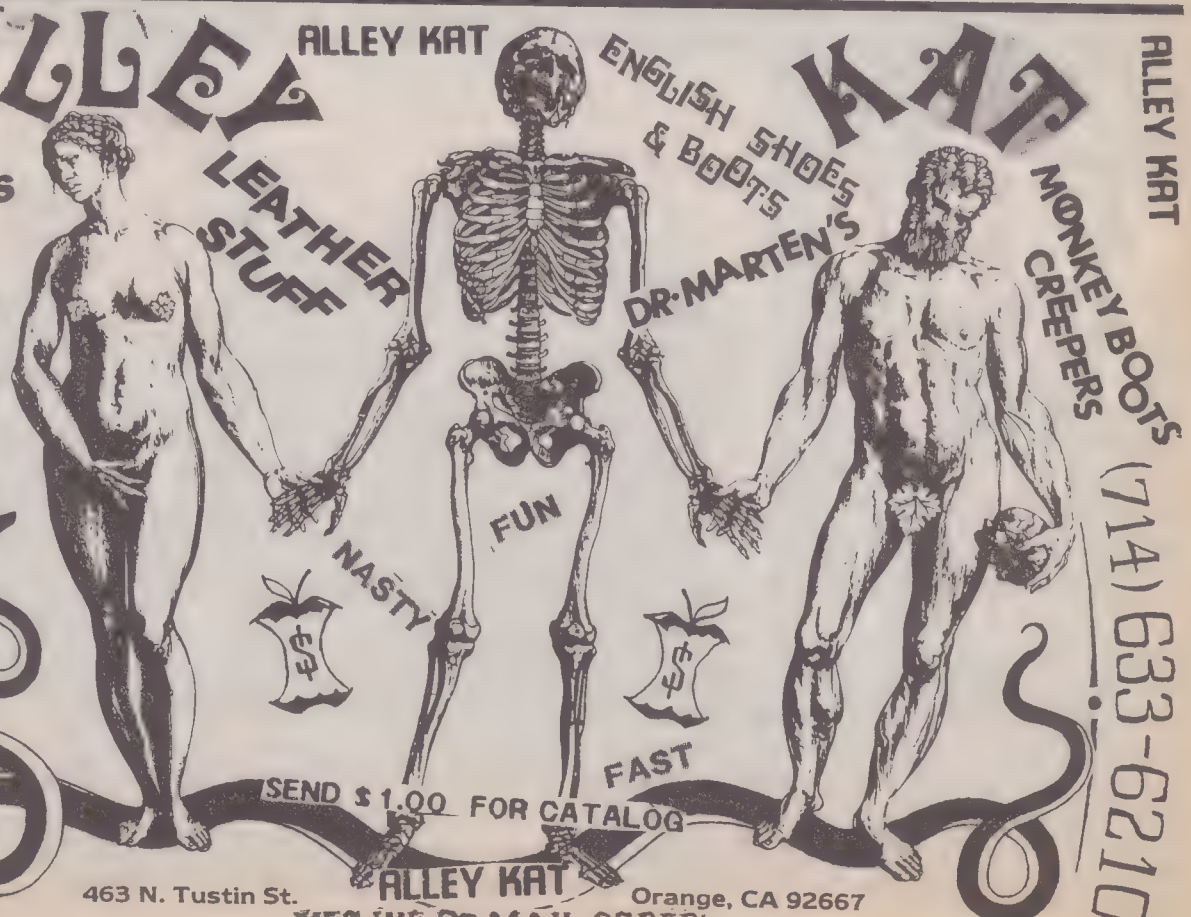

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CHURCH OF WAR

Darby: Here's the mic, so, you know, we're gonna do the Ben is Dorin interview; interview with Dorin of the Church of War. So, get yer little brain...

Kerin: Is it taping?

D: ...brain, head, on... is that what they call 'em? *(Darby is trying to say* thinking cap. *Unfortunately this is her magazine so we can't get rid of her).* ***I guess you should probably start out with what the Church of War is.***

Dorin: Do you want me to do a level check? So you'll know if you can be able to...

D: I'll hear it.

Dorin: By the way, at points in this interview I may pause for up to one minute before I decide what I'll say.

K: Are you gonna make us let you proof it too?

Dorin: I won't be Axl, just Warren Beatty because when he gives interviews they'll ask him a question and he'll wait and think about it for like, fifteen minutes.

D: Ok, so why don't you start out with what the Church of War.

(long pause)

Dorin: The Church of War is more an outlook on life than a formal organization. We don't have potluck banquets where we have to ask who's going to bring the donuts, or who's gonna bring the casserole. Although there are formal participants, it's more a kind of method of approaching life.

D: You paused that long and that's the end? So this issue's about revenge and maybe you have some ideas on revenge off the top of your head and I have some specific questions after.

Dorin: Revenge definitely is an integral part of the Church of War philosophy in that we're kind of like the logical, extreme extension of every self help books' message of having respect for oneself and not allowing oneself to be victimized. We believe that we should project absolute vigilant love towards our confederates and absolute vigilant hate towards our enemies and those that would attempt to stifle us or victimize us. The word "war", so frequently used by us, is misinterpreted by the vast majority of people that encounter us. I would explain it by saying that to us, "peace" is synonymous with death and that "peace" is the state of total submission and total nonactivity. If I'm drugged, straitjacketed and in a padded cell, I'm certainly at peace and if I'm babbling viciously to claw my way out, then that's certainly an aggressive, warlike maneuver and we just basically believe that, to get kind of cliché, you need to grab life by the throat and squeeze all the dynamic beauty out of it that is possible, and we usually have a trite little expression that we mouth which is "Life is war and war is life."

D: So there would be no life if there were peace...

Dorin: Peace to me personally is... I see no difference between peace and death. To me they are completely synonymous.

D: So what are these conflicts, these things you are at war with in the world?

Dorin: Well, for one thing we are completely opposed also to any concept of "unity" amongst all people since we believe all humanity does not share the same interests, points of view, level of competence or ability. We think that the people in the world that are the creators, the achievers, the visionaries are in a class unto themselves completely different and above the vast hoard of humanity that we see as robotic, sheeplike, inactive, blind dullards.

D: But you're talking in 'we' and you're talking of a group of whoever belongs to the Church of War and isn't that some form of unity?

Dorin: Yes, it's unity based on common interests, a tribe gathering around a point of view and a way of life as opposed to some kind of egalitarian, Christian concept that all men are brothers just because that is innately how it should be.

D: What has to be done in order for you to think that revenge has to be taken upon someone? Are there different levels... or does it get to a certain point where you say this person deserves revenge..?

Dorin: Well, I would say that revenge serves two purposes. First of all, it provides satisfaction in seeing justice acted out. A lot of muddleheaded, good vibists often use the trite term "karma" which is supposedly some form of celestial justice that will be brought about against the people in life that are malicious and manipulative and, of course, we believe that that is completely ridiculous. The only form of karma that we see happening is when we take retribution into our own hands and make sure that those that deserve to be punished and those that deserve to be destroyed are, rightfully put in their place.

K: Isn't that what the Church of Satan believes in? What do you think about their philosophies?

Dorin: Oh, Church of Satan, I think, are in agreement with the Church of War almost across the board. We have plenty of friends in the Church of Satan, on both coasts of the United States, and I

Not in Death Ride '69, not "this week's industrial come-lately oil can banger", it's our own local hero and Celebrity Skin groupie DORIN.

think they are fighting the same battle as us. We are in complete agreement with them on almost every issue.

K: What I was noticing in reading a lot of literature from the Church of Satan is that they completely throw out the window the idea of the threefold law, or 'karmic' retribution. This meaning that, in the laws of magick, a curse thrown returns to the sender threefold. Do you agree with that?

Dorin: Well, I would say that is one of the areas that we differ from the Church of Satan. I'm not really sure exactly what you're talking about because I certainly don't claim to be a black magician but when you read the Church of War literature, we say that true black magic is when you do the devil's business by taking matters into your own hands. We think it's completely pissing in the wind when you have hatred towards somebody and you just sit in your house and poke pins in a voodoo doll, or say 'Oh Lord Beelzebub, please strike this person down.' To us, if you want someone struck down you go and you strike them down and then you don't have to worry about them anymore. You can move on.

D: I don't know if you answered it exactly, but what would somebody have to do to deserve revenge? How bad does it have to get?

Dorin: I certainly do not live my day-to-day life on the level of a snapping dog who has to bark at everyone he encounters. I think it's much more productive for myself to maintain a level of honorable politeness because that allows me to avoid prolonged encounters with dullards in general. I would rather not enter into inane bickering most of the time. I prefer to keep to myself, as do most of us. Also, I would like to say I completely support law and order in terms of, when I talk about bloody retribution, I think it's much too obvious to interpret that to mean just sticking a knife in someone's belly. The fact that there is law and order, which by the way, I think there needs to be more of, is very constructive and positive because it forces us to come up with more creative, nefarious ways to strike back at people, utilizing our own charisma and brain power.

> "I am always willing to hear pleas of submission or attempts at reconciliation"

D: So, you must support the police just cause they're... I mean, if there was nothing restricting us it could get pretty dull.

Dorin: Let me ask you this question, Darby. If you could press a magic button right now and make all the police disappear from the U.S. would you do it?

D: No. I might change who those police were and the way they rule.

Dorin: Well, it's very trendy among the young people community currently to talk about some sort of chaos and how glamorous chaos is. The Church of War comes out fully in favor of control. We think the more control the better.

D: I'm still back to what somebody has to do to deserve revenge. What if somebody fucks around with you and then apologizes after?

Dorin: I think that is completely taken into account and I personally, as you may or may not know, and I think in this case you do, have many personal battles that I am engaged in which I very much enjoy against various inane members of the young people community in the Los Angeles area and I approach these battles by taking them to one level and then increasing the levels of vengeance and I am always willing to hear pleas of submission or attempts at reconciliation.

K: So is that when you stop or is that what you're after?

Dorin: We could reach some kind of conclusion.

D: In some ways it's like a power trip?

Dorin: I don't think it's a power trip in terms of wanting everyone to submit to me. I would be honest and say that I personally enjoy battling with people. It's very much an adrenalin rush. I think I do it very well and I'm very crafty. But, I have other things I enjoy doing with my life as well and I really see it as something that I have to do out of self respect for myself because I think that anyone that submits to victimization or manipulation without fighting back tooth and claw is, to me, a person who is worse than nothing. They're just reptilian to me.

K: Do you agree then with LaVey's idea that some people are actually crying out to have vengeance taken out on them?

Dorin: Certainly! I think where that comes into play is... we have a general philosophy that equality is a liberal myth, it just doesn't exist. Also, for instance, leftist communists talk about how evil being the boss is when actually leadership is an art. It's one of the highest arts there is. It's much easier to be a slave than someone higher up. I often use the example of... let's say there is a catering business. Now, if I'm the caterer, and I'm the person who has to make all the appointments to get the catering jobs and I have to come up with all the recipes and order all the items, that's a much more difficult job than being the illegal immigrant potato chopper. And you can say "the potato chopper is so exploited", yet his job is so easy compared to the innovation needed to be the leader. And I think saying that the potato chopper is the creative leader of the organization is a sham. It's based on guilt.

D: And the potato chopper probably doesn't want to be the leader anyway?

Dorin: No, he doesn't and that's an insult to the potato chopper because, I would say, everyone is capable of advancement. Whether or not they actually achieve it is quite another matter.

D: So, when you take out revenge, how do you feel after? I mean, is it a form of healing for you?

Dorin: I think it's very self-affirming and positive to

Revenge Tips #1025-1028

PAINT BOMBS

To make a paint bomb you simply need a metal paint can with a refastenable lid, a nice bright color paint (green, pink, purple, or some gross color is perfect), and a quantity of dry ice. Place the paint in the can and then drop the dry ice in. Quickly place the top on and then run like hell! With some testing you can time this to a science. It depends on the ratio of dry ice to paint to the size of the can to how full it is. If you are really pissed off at someone, you could place it on their doorstep, knock on the door, and then run. Paint will fly all over the place. (The Jolly Roger)

SMOKE BOMBS

4 parts sugar / 6 parts potassium nitrate (Salt Peter)

Heat this mixture over a LOW flame until it melts, stirring well. Pour it into a container and, before it solidifies, imbed a few matches into the mixture to use as fuses. One pound of this stuff will fill up a whole block with thick, white smoke. (The Jolly Roger)

TENNIS BALL BOMBS

Ingredients: Strike anywhere matches, a tennis ball, nice sharp knife, duct tape

Break a ton of matchheads off. Then cut a SMALL hole in the tennis ball. Stuff all of the matchheads into the ball, until you can't fit any more in. Then tape over it with duct tape. Make sure it is real nice and tight. Then, when you see a geek walking down the street, give it a good throw. He will have a blast! (The Jolly Roger)

REVENGE IS A KIND OF WILD JUSTICE, WHICH THE MORE A MAN'S NATURE RUNS TO, THE MORE OUGHT LAW TO WEED IT OUT. –FRANCIS BACON

hatefully destroy someone that deserves it. I support tribal units standing up for themselves and hopefully stratifying is what I prefer. Currently now in the media we're seeing a lot of homosexuals paying lip service to a creed of bashing back. I think that needs to be extended quite a bit. I think these extremist homosexual groups talk about this a lot. I don't think they act on their words as much as they should. I would think it would be very beneficial if goon squads of homosexuals would do things like, having two men walking down the sidewalk and if they get harassed, just beat up the harasser. I think that would also be good for women. Women get harassed on the streets - the streets are out of control. I think there should be groups of women, vigilante groups...

D: Like the Red Berets? *(Darby is trying to say the Guardian Angels. Unfortunately this is her magazine so we can't get rid of her)*

Dorin: Yeah. Then, a woman could walk down the street and if she gets harassed, picked on, or abused, the group of women could beat the living daylights out of the person that's being abusive.

D: Without naming names, do you want to talk about some of the revenge you have taken, or revenge tactics? It doesn't necessarily have to refer to things that you've done yourself...

Dorin: Well, you know, associates of mine who are semi-scornful of the Church of War's activities say "Well, look Dorin, you're an intelligent fellow. You have these interests – why don't you just stick to those instead of wasting your time and spending energy on these fools that you've encountered." And I'd say "Well, you know, it takes less than one minute to glue a lock. It takes under one minute to throw a brick through a window, and the positive self-affirmation that comes from these acts certainly outweighs the one minute out of my time." I don't spend all of my time sitting at home, poking pins through voodoo dolls and saying "Oh boy! I wish my foes would fall!" but I do like, on occasion, to make my foes fall through a concerted effort.

D: And do you have any tactics that you think are worthy of telling these youthful people reading B.I.D.?

Dorin: Well, if you're asking me to give you helpful hints in bringing down inane members of the young people community I would say, that goes back to the greatness of law and order in that it forces people to be inventive and creative in their methods of destruction. So, there are ways of causing havoc in people's lives other than putting a knife in their belly. And, you know, the proof's in the pudding. I've caused people nervous breakdowns, ulcers, people have left town. There are ways that work and it certainly has nothing to with saying "Hey Satan, can you please kill my enemies?" It has to do with you becoming Satan and acting out these hateful tactics.

K: Yeah, I noticed, in nameless situations, the amount of paranoia that was instilled. I thought it was pretty funny.

D: Any last comments?

Dorin: No, that does it.

(As it turned out, it didn't do it. Darby ran after Dorin to ask some final questions she had totally forgotten about. It's sad to see Alzheimer's occur in someone so young.)

D: The other questions... Is it true that you're in Deathride 69 now or is that just a scary rumour?

Dorin: What? That, that... I won't even dignify that question with an answer.

D: It's a big rumour. Where did it come from then?

Dorin: Well, I will tell you one thing to close out this interview, I do encourage any rumour mongering about me in general and that definitely ties back into that old P.T. Barnum thing about "There's no such thing as bad publicity." By the way, I talked throughout this thing about personal inspiration and motivation. I would heartily encourage any young people community residents wanting a mentor for their lives to read some biographies of Phineas T. Barnum, truly one of the greatest American heroes.

D: The End?

Dorin: Well, I'll close out with saying that Darby, you exhibit good leadership qualities and your magazine is organized in a very disciplined way that I approve of, although your subject matter is of little interest to me since the trials and tribulations of this week's industrial come-lately, oil can bangers are to me, less than useless. I would rather spend my time...

D: Playing with Deathride?

Dorin: ...Shopping for antique books or listening to Ann Margret records. ■

Revenge Tip #345

When somebody has really done you wrong (eg: jacked off in front of your mother, or keyed your car) get a change of address card from the post-office and have their mail forwarded to Utah. You can also have their utilities turned off by finding out their account numbers and making a few simple phone calls. (Ivy)

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THE RECORD REVIEWS

Last issue I used this space to air some complaints I was getting from the reviewing staff about the quality of records we've been receiving. Looking over the mass of negativity that was turned in this time, I think it's the bands who might be complaining. Little did I know when I got thrown out of my psychology class in 7th grade for being too cynical that I would someday be encouraging those who flow through our "scene" to feel more positive about everything. This is all by way of a reminder that these are merely opinions, and that if a review you are looking for is not here, it may have arrived too late, been put off until next issue, or been dropped. But these things are cyclical, you know, and with Mercury out of retrograde who knows what could happen? Next time this space may be filled with my carping over a blissed out lack of critical mass in the reviews. Stay tuned...

27 DEVILS JOKING – THE SUCKING EFFECT [LP]
Well, I can see how this can be interesting at a live show after many beers but I don't understand the rave reviews that they seem to fill their bio with. At its best it's just regular old rock n' roll with the usual cliché inane rock 'n' roll lyrics. If you're into that, you can comb the vast catalogs of Sympathy for the Record Industry, Dionysus and SubPop to find some R & R that's a little more eventful. –Dave Gomez (Rave Records, PO Box 40075, Philadelphia, PA 19106)

bENT – NIBBLE [7"]
Terrible "Head-Banger's Ball" type vocals matched with that oh so familiar metal-funk/funk-metal sound. One song, "Jesus" seems to be a "be saved" song kind of clouded in gibberish. A dumb project of bad music. –Tomás (PO Box 18277 Rochester, NY 14624)

BIG DRILL CAR – BATCH [LP]
Talk about protégés done well! BDC's drumming and production sounds better than their mentor All's. Their melodic sense matches that of All's new singer Scott Reynolds, while retaining a Milo rasp. Okay, maybe they haven't mastered those catchy, broken-hearted-boy tunes, and maybe the absence of Exacto-knife graphics and scatological humor isn't as punk. So what. A good step forward in this band's swift progression (they also cover "Freedom of Choice" by Devo). –Barney Satyr (promo-clipped by Cruz Records, PO Box 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807)

THE BONE SHAVERS – MOTORPSYCHO [LP]
Incredibly adept rockabilly noise in the tradition of The Cramps, X, Gun Club, etc. These guys have been at this for years and finally a record is out. Eight songs including a rave–up version of "Break on Through". While rockabilly isn't exactly my can–of–brew I can tell you this is up to par. –Evan (Loco Records, 819 N. 2nd St., San Jose, CA 951120)

BOSS HOG – COLD HANDS [LP]
You would never guess by looking at the cover photos what a swingin' band Boss Hog is. I guess this is their 2nd LP but it's the first one I've heard. I hear a lot of Sonic Youth influences (in both music and recording techniques) along with a half dozen of those noisy Chicago bands. In fact, "Red Bull" sounds damn close to a Rapeman tune. Loads of noisy detuned guitars, grinding rhythms and backwards drums abound in these sometimes bluesy dirges. –Evan (Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave S Minneapolis, MN 55404)

BROKEN TRUST – STRAIGHT EDGE ACROSS AMERICA [EP]
There is nothing I hate more than one group slagging another, especially if they're an easy target. Oh, life is so hard when you're at a show and some guy with X's on his hand knocks your drink out of your hand. Instead of picking up one of these weasels by his/her ankles and shaking him/her until enough change falls out of his/her pockets to buy a new drink, these guys go to all the effort to start a band and release a record about their oppressors. While they're at it, they take a few cheap shots at gays. Life's hard with all those faggots trying to ruin your fun. I've never been an advocate for the straightedge movement and I never will be, but sorry Broken Trust, you won't find any alliance with me. I think your record totally sucks. –D. Gomez

Retard-core DADDY LONGHEAD: A little too early for the "Gross" issue

JOHN CALE – EVEN THE COWBOYS GET THE BLUES [C]
John Cale's solo records are about as erratic and spotty as records get, listening to even the best ones feels like digging though turds to find pearls. This tape is a crystallization of everything I like about John Cale: moodiness, drone, and volume, with no weak spots. Recorded live at CBGB at the end of 1978 and 1979, the sound quality is fairly good, and the performances are often hair-raising. Like ROIR's Richard Hell and Television releases of recent years, this is an excellent document of New York in the late Seventies. If I didn't already own one, I'd drop eight bucks on it. You should too. –Bob Lee (ROIR)

CORAL – FILLING A HOLE/YOUR REWARD/SNOW [7"]
"Filling a Hole" starts off jangly, moves into a brief power chord segment, ends with a combination of the two. "Your Reward" is clean, quickly paced guitar rock, with a minimal chorus. "Snow" is the record's most urgent sounding track, and its best, operating at a level more heavy than the previous songs. Driving guitar throughout. All songs are topped by Defenestration like vocals that make the record more noteworthy. –Ted (Merge Records, Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

CORRUPTED IDEALS – JOIN THE RESISTANCE [LP]
Good points: '77 style punk rock which musically is done so cool you'd think this was from that time period. I could see some punk rock kid from behind the Orange Curtain going to Bleeker Bob's and paying $100 easy for it if it was. Bad points: Some of the worst P.C. lyrics I've seen in my life. Dogmatic and uninformed, and that's exactly what's wrong with most P.C. punk bands. I could go on but I hear these guys are pretty young so I'll cut them some slack 'cause a lot of real great bands that I like now had shitty lyrics when they started. An OK effort. –D. Gomez (Promo-clipped by New Red Archives, 6520 Selma Ave. #1305 Hollywood, CA 90028)

DADDY LONGHEAD – CHEATOS [LP]
Eight spastic songs performed by members of The Buttholes with some other folks including Ray Washam on drums. Nearly every song is like a five minute guitar, bass and drum solo in the well-honed B-Hole tradition. They also tend to have a warped country twist to them buried under a frenzy of speed psych noise. I think drugs may be involved somehow. My favorite is the instrumental

"Driftwood" with its cookin' fiddle and guitar duel. Even if you don't buy it, check out the swell picture of vomit on the back cover. –Evan (Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

******THE DAMBUILDERS** – YO MAMAHEAD [7"]
Sounding like current Throwing Muses or Pixies (yawn), Boston's Dambuilders take a step in the direction of lifeless pop with "quirky", "original" lyrics. Their inclusion of a violinist doesn't help things either. Total Exlax college bowl-cut hair dribble. They have an LP previous to this on Cuacha records of Germany which is a better smattering of crayon drawn, stick-figure pop. Breaking their acoustic geetars' over their knees and starting from scratch might be an idea here. –Tomás (Puppethead Records, Box 111 Boston, MA 02112-0111)

******DOGZILLA** – THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING WRONG [EP]
Basic happy, dorky college rock for the masses. There are some bits here and there, bringing R.E.M. and very late Wall of Voodoo to mind, and I'm sure this will become popular based on a simple equation; stupid name + funky bass = record sales. Where they really went wrong was daring to remind me of the most god awful piece of shit band in the last five years, Primus, on no less than three of five total songs. For that I have to give this the Issue #15 Golden Turd Award. –Evan (Invisible, PO Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616)

DOWN BY LAW – (LP)
When I got this I expected to hear some poppy All doo-doo or the Chemical People with Dave Smalley crooning. This record is none of those things. Down By Law is definitely going in their own directions, combining the best of Dag Nasty with Bad Religion. "Dreams Away" and "The Truth" are great songs, and the amazing cover art (by Joy Aoki) belongs on t-shirts across America. –Ivy (Epitaph Records, 6201 Sunset Blvd. #111, Hollywood, CA 90028)
Note: the DYS record reviewed in this space last issue may have caused some confusion. 1) it is not new material 2) at the time it was reviewed, it was not yet available in stores, though it probably is by now. Thank you to Dave Smalley for helping to straighten everything out.

DOWN BY LAW

EARL'S FAMILY BOMBERS – DRUNK SINCE NOON [7"]
Limited to just 400 copies, this is a debut for Tucson AZ's drunk-punk noise mongers. The review copy was on mint-green wax and features a cover of Dickless' "Saddle Tramp". Other songs "Trash" and "Another Shitty Morning" are less inspired sloppy, beer-drenched garage-punk deals with Lazy Cowgirl undertones and maybe the not-as-fast Poison Idea songs as a map point for their sound. –Tomás (Major Label Records P.O. Box 12345 Tuscon, Az 85732)

ECONOCHRIST– ANOTHER VICTIM [7"]
Econochrist have risen to the top of the heap along with Born Against and Nausea as one of the most competent political hardcore bands consistently putting out music. This release follows up a heavyweight full length LP on Vermiform which confronted social injustices from a personal standpoint. Econochrist's music is blazing punk inspired by many years in the scene. Usually the political hardcore bands sound generically English, cut out of the Subhumans mold, but Econochrist sound definitely US punk illuminated with Minor Threat or Neurosis coming to mind especially. A recommended new four song effort. Comes with lyric sheet and information. –Tomás (Vermiform P.O. Box 1145 Cooper Station NY, NY 10276)

EL DUCE – THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE LEGEND [C]
The long awaited solo record by the bald beer belly behind the drums and lead vocals of the Mentors. I suppose it is also going to be released on vinyl but nevertheless, I got a cassette containing 11 filthy songs. Believe it or not this contains one song with no references to anything sexual, "Quiet in the Squat", with its awe-some delayed vocal rap. The rest is typical Mentors porn rock with the biggest collection of heavy metal rip-off leads I've ever heard. Sample these titles, "Prolong Creme", "Hershey Highway", "Slutfucking Man", etc. This man will never grow up. –Evan (Mind Boggler Records, 922 W. Third St., Azusa, CA 91702)

ERECTUS MONOTONE – CATHODE GUMSHOE [7"]
E. Monotone are on Chapel Hill, North Carolina's Merge records and are another reason why Chapel Hill will be the next city to be the indie capitol of the States now that the Seattle thing has died down. Combining the noise and pop angles of My Bloody Valentine or Live Skull, Erectus Monotone blow the walls down with a five-count of memorable tunes. The side with three songs on it has the hits "Old New" and "Scrape" which pierce with jagged melodies down the worn paths of the guitar landscape with just enough prettiness to keep you listening and just enough noise to make it worth your dough. –Tomás (Merge, PO Box 1235 Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514)

ERIC LAMPMAN JR. – ALL NIGHT LONG [7"]
This record is so ridiculously bad that it's a classic. Eddie Van Halen guitar noises back the worst, most inane lyrics ever spewed from the dictionary of rock clichés. Abundant uses of the word "baby", such as "I want to rock you all night long, baby" help Eric refrain from ever asking the listener to think. Get this garbage if you want a hearty chuckle, but only if you don't have to pay for it. Comes with a personalized Eric Lampman Jr. guitar pick right on the jacket! Never has a record so deserved the feared "stinkola" labeling as much as this crap. –Ted (Silvermoon Records, 7220 Hollywood Box 105, Hollywood, CA 90046) (Note: this record came with a large photo BEHIND GLASS, but not in a padded envelope, so when I opened it the shattered pieces fell all over my carpet and I still haven't gotten them all up. He also sent an ad, which we ran in the last issue, with a cryptic note telling us he had more money if we needed it. We find the whole thing very sinister and encourage you to beware of this man and his products).

FAT TUESDAY – [7' EP]
I'm not sure if it's a coincidence, but one song sounds a lot like the Replacements and the label is in Minneapolis. The other two sound like Meat Puppets imitating Mudhoney. Decent and limited to 600. –Evan (Red Decibel Records, 2541 Nicollet Ave South, Minneapolis, MN 55404)

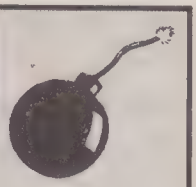
FLOUR – MACHINERY HILL [LP]
If you liked LUV 713 (which I did), you'll also like this. It's even got another whacked out Casio number with a bunch of fake endings. If you've never heard Flour (aka Pete Conway) before, you're in for angry, buzzing guitar and vocal distortion. Highlights are: "Horseflesh", "Pig Knuckled Clown", and "Machinery Hill". I think this may be the best thing since sliced bread, but then again, I love Helios Creed and most things endorsed by Steve Albini. –Ivy (Touch and Go)

411 – THIS ISN'T ME [CD]
This is a surprise for me, but probably not for fans of 411. This is a really good release and without trying to use too many comparisons, the music reminds me of a combination of some of the better bands that came out in the last few years like Fugazi, Nomeansno, Fuel... you get the picture. Lyrics cover the basics (at least these days) of homophobia, censorship, religion, etc., etc. The only complaint: real loud vocals but most people like that anyway. –D. Gomez (Workshed)

GALLOPING CORONERS – JUMP OUT THE WORLD/INSTINCT [LP]
Jesus hates the Galloping Coroners... He told me in my sleep. My neighbors confirmed it. You get a noisy assault on everything your Mom and Dad thought was sacred... and with lyrics like "Halló mindenség! /Legyünk egt tests vér!" you just can't go wrong. It's Flux of Pink Indians but harder... Much harder! –Pork (Alternative Tentacles)

THE GENERALS – YOU'LL EAT WHAT WE'RE COOKIN' [CD]
Detroit's musical slump has been as severe as its economic one, and groups like The Generals are the product of an environment of stagnation. You would think that in an atmosphere where one's back is constantly against the wall the reaction would be anything but predictable but such is not the case through the 12 schlock tunes that make up "You'll Eat". Having digested just a few of the classic rock-influenced numbers like "I Ain't Surprised" and "You Weren't Much Of A Lady", I began to feel nauseous and doubt that MC5 had ever existed. Perhaps The Generals are dealing with life as they see it and relating it musically, in that case perhaps a move to Seattle would be in order. –Tomás (Chaos, 3652 Bedford, Detroit, MI 48224)

Revenge Tip #10



MAYBE YOU NEED A NEW STEREO?
A great way to get back at a roommate who makes your life miserable is to select some of their favorite records from their collection, and, when they're not home, drill the hole in each of them a little bigger than normal. The record will either sound totally warped, or the needle will just drag right across it, making it unlistenable. (Ivy)

GERMBOX – GROANING BRIDGE 7" E.P.
Dark, seedy, pulsing, Fugazi-like American subterranean God-Rock. These guys are really hot! This is the ONLY record that really caught our ear this month!! Look for 'em...thumbs UP! –Ethan and Annabelle (PO Box 10115, K.C., MO, 64111)

GRISLY FICTION – ELECTROLYTES/DEAR MEAT [7"]
Damn nifty couple of tunes here. What I'm talking about is well crafted songs as in songwriting, dynamics, melody, etc. They remind me of Nice Strong Arm a lot. Can't say I wouldn't mind hearing an entire album. -Evan (PO Box 53100, Philadelphia, PA 19105-3100)

HALO OF FLIES – BIG MOD HATE TRIP [7"]
This was the first time H.O.F. sound made sense to me. A scratchy mixture of rock elements that really can't be described by any one category (ie: noise, grunge,garage etc.). Two tunes from the mind of "Haze" (Tom Hazelmeyer): guitar destroyer and user of heavy wah wah-pedals. Call it the downtown Minneapolis sound? Call it disgust for retro-rock music genres? Just what is a "Big Mod Hate Trip"? Halo Of Flies have probably raised the question of the year folks. Time to don the parka, crank up the stereo and figure this one out. –Tomás (Amphetamine Reptile)

HASH PALACE – GRIT AND BARE IT!
To call the band HESH PALACE would have been more appropriate. These Dallas heshers combine the worst elements of the Seattle dirthead sound and put it all on one release. Fans of Mother Love Bone and Alice in Chains will drool all over this. –D. Gomez (Resonance)

HELIOS CREED – YOUR SPACEMAN/THE WARMING [7"]
While not as truly epic as his track on "The Big One" compilation, this is still miles better than what most humans are capable of. With grooving, twisting, psychedelia mush, the god of the wah pedal delivers music for the space age. If I didn't know otherwise I would swear Mr. Creed's address would not be on this planet. –Evan (Amphetamine Reptile)

HONEYMOON KILLERS – VANNA WHITE GODDESS OF LOVE / YOU CAN'T DO THAT [7']
Rockabilly grunge as sloppy as a really fucked up live Stooges set. I can't quite figure out what the big deal is about these guys, they're loud as shit but so are a million other bands. "You Can't Do That" is a cool song I guess the "Vanna White..." side kinda bored me Whatever. –Evan (Sympathy For Some Musicians...)

HULLABALOO – LUBERTORIUM [LP]
Halli-baloo-ya for the third and most bludgeoning noise record this Boston group has produced. Sheer terror reigns throughout the trumpet-tweaked parlor of noise these vets conjure. "Bone Of Contention" and "Loadstar" are my fave rants here on what is definitely the best and loudest Hullabaloo creation (the first one I've really liked). No filler, run on, run on, run on... Much of this grunge is a bit on the disturbing side, so much so that it's hard to listen to it all at one time, but for the truly perverse and divergent this be better than a snake-oil enema on Halloween. –Tomás

(Promo-clipped by C/Z Records, 1407 E Madison #41 Seattle, WA 98122)

ICKY JOEY – POOH [LP]
Even considering that this band possesses members of Seattle's rock pillars Love Battery and Thrown-Ups, Icky Joey are actually an underdog in this glutted indie-rock world where noise bands are a cheap commodity. Despite their disadvantage Icky Joey pursue a more light-hearted territory probably inspired by the cheap beer they drink up northways. There are more enjoyable guitar splatters here than bombs with "Burnout" and "Fat" being particularly disturbing slices of silliness. The burly recording job of Sir Jack Endino beefs up the Joey endeavor to the point of hysteria. A two guitar barrage of a discordant and sloppy nature combined with "real" singing that inspires me to spontaneously take up dope smokin' and play the Thrown-Ups box set. –Tomás Promo-clipped by C/Z Records)

INTENT TO INJURE – REINFORCEMENT [7']
Side one had three fast as fuck hardcore songs with super gruff vocals that I dare you to decipher without the lyric sheet. Side two, "Takin Out Racist", is a heavy hip-hop tune with bursts of metal riffage interspersed between the raps that amazed me. –Evan (Nemesis)

JUST SAY NO – CRICKETS/FAILED THE TEST [7"]
Big chunky loud guitar rock with obvious Big Black/Rapeman influences and someone named Knott on vocals sounding like Mark Mothersbaugh. I bet these guys would be great live. I'll wait and see. –Evan (Rave Records)

KINGS OF ROCK – BUD, SWEAT, & BEERS [7"EP]
Three songs by a bunch of guys in love with three chord garage music. I guess this is a sort of tribute EP, consisting of three cover songs. Side A has The Chocolate Watchbands' "Are You Gonna Be There?" which sounds pretty good, with its very loud guitars. Side B isn't as good, but nevertheless has that authentic garage /trash sound. How else would you cover a Billy Childish song? –Evan (Iloki Records, PO Box 49593, Los Angeles, CA 90049)

LAZY COWGIRLS – THERE'S A NEW GIRL IN TOWN [7"]
This is a hot looking double 7" deal. Cool white vinyl to contrast against your black turntable. The music isn't bad either. "The Wayward Wind" is a hokey cowboy song set against an onslaught of guitars and drums. "Drugs" (of course, my preferred track—I need serious help) is the trippiest mixed song I've heard in a while. It starts with this awful mess of screeching guitars and the vocalist repeating "from the other side" over and over; and then it ends. Then the song really starts - fast, loud, and these roaring vocals: "I can shoot it, I can smoke it, I can drink it every way." Yes! This song is almost as good as a fix. –Kerin (Sympathy)

LIQUOR BALL – 2ND [7"]
Music the way God intended it, fucked up psychedelic grunge for sweet dreams during a coma. Liquorball are the ultimate mystery band; no member names, no record title, no song titles, no real origin (we can guess they might be from the Santa Barbara area). Besides being true gods of recording brilliance, the fucking record is on glow-in-the-dark splatter vinyl and limited to 1000 copies. If you aren't sold yet you are a goddamn fool! –Evan & Dave (Blackjack Records, PO Box 2503, Goleta, CA 93118)

LOOP – THE JOHN PEEL SESSIONS 1987-1990 [LP]
This is a must have for Loop fans. Two records full of the psychedelic, droning, never ending music that this band is so good at making. The best cuts, in my opinion, are "Straight to Your Heart", "Pulse", and "Collision". Be careful though; frequent playing of this album can cause neurosis. The sound just bores into your skull. –Kerin (Revolver USA, 290-C Napoleon St., San Francisco, CA 94124)

M-1 ALTERNATIVE – AVIARY [CD]
The first portion of this CD begins with early 80s alternative and dance (an accent on the Lloyd Cole vocals and drum machine) and successfully maneuvers it between serene 4AD sounds. Amid attractive songwriting, pleasant vocals, and its appealing diversity, M-1 Alternative takes care not to distance itself too much from the masses. Unfortunately, this being 1991, they're not putting much on the line creatively either. –Darby (PROMO-CLIPPED by C'est La Mort, PO Box 91, Baker, LA 70714)

METAL MIKE – SINGS THE HITS OF THE '90S [LP]
Picture, if you will, the Angry Samoans slowed down and overproduced, with Mike emulating Bob Dylan. If this appeals, rush out and buy it. If not, don't. –Bob Lee (Triple X)

MERCYLAND - ENTER THE CRAFTY BEAR [7"]
John Lennon, Camper Van Beethoven influenced angsty college rock. More interesting vocals than usual. Pretty catchy. "Freight Truck" is a fave with the added slide guitar, but is also the most derivative of Camper (I thought it was a cover until I read the song credits). "John D. White" is also pretty cool: "God has a plan for John D. White... [he] took his daughter to the cellar/ He strapped her to a chair/ Because that was the nicest way to tell her/ "Believe in Him...or ME!". Really nice "factory workers unite" style cover drawing in red, black, and white. These guys have potential... just don't rip off CamperVan Beethoven too much! –Ethan Port (Planned Obsolescence, 495 Satula Ave., Athens, GA, 30601)

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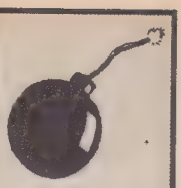


CAR TORTURE

1) Move the windshield wiper blades, and insert and glue tacks. The tacks make lovely designs.

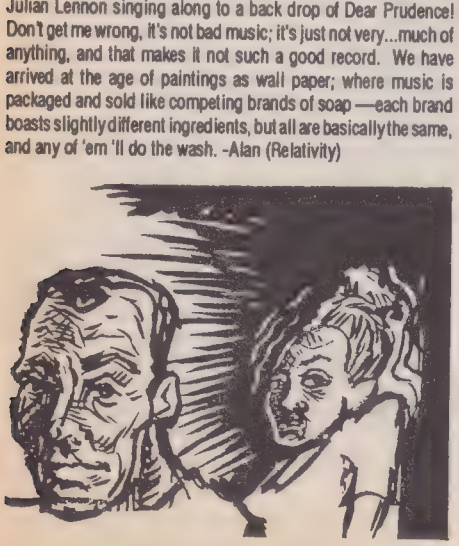
2) Put a tampon, dirt, sugar, a ping pong ball, or just about anything that will dissolve in the gas tank.

3) Put potatoes, rocks, sugar, bananas, or anything that will fit, into the tailpipe. Use a broom handle to stuff them up into the tailpipe. Or, stuff rags soaked in gas up the exhaust pipe. Then you wonder why your "friend" has trouble with his/her lungs. (The Jolly Roger)

MIGHTY FORCE – DIVE [C]
OOOOOOO, I like this one! Four high energy techno-dance songs the likes of which are played at all-night underground acid house clubs. Mighty Force's sound is somewhere in between Front 242 and Klinik. All the songs are great, but there's no vocals on any of them. Just music that will turn any wallflower into a dancing fool. –Kerin (Earache/Relativity)

*****MIRACLE WORKERS** – ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET [C]
First impression: GREAT GUITAR SOUND! Second impression: the songs aren't that memorable, but GREAT GUITAR SOUND! Third impression: I've listened to this album twice through and I can't remember how any of the songs go or what any of the words are or what the singer's voice sounds like, but I seem to recall liking the guitar sound at one time. Final conclusion: don't rest on your laurels when all they are is your guitar sound. –Bob Lee (Triple X)

MOCK TURTLES – TURTLE SOUP [LP]
There sure seems to be a host (some might say glut) of competent and even decent pop bands these days. Ten years ago one wondered why there were so few bands playing that simple pop sound —dBs, Bongos, Monochrome Set— today one wonders how there could be so many, and so many sounding so much alike. This record is melodic, clever, well-produced, and tightly played. In a word, this record is *flat*. These TURTLES have managed to assemble a record that catalogs '70s/'80s pop textures as masterfully as any K-Tel 22 Explosive Hits collection ever did. From one song to the next we hear Bowie, Mott the Hoople, and Eno in his Warm Jets period; more recent sounds brought to mind include Smiths, Robyn Hitchcock, House of Freaks, and even Julian Lennon singing along to a back drop of Dear Prudence! Don't get me wrong, it's not bad music; it's just not very...much of anything, and that makes it not such a good record. We have arrived at the age of paintings as wall paper; where music is packaged and sold like competing brands of soap —each brand boasts slightly different ingredients, but all are basically the same, and any of 'em 'll do the wash. -Alan (Relativity)



MOVING TARGETS – FALL [LP]
The Targets have been on the Boston scene for 10 years now always defining that city's approach to rock. "Fall" unfortunately doesn't match their last effort "Brave Noise" in either intensity or song diversity. One main reason could be that the current record was written, sung and mostly lead by guitarist/frontman Kenny Chambers who also has a solo record coming out soon. Chambers spent a brief stint in Bullet Lavolta before focusing his energy back on the Moving Targets. Fans of the current "mature" Dinosaur Jr. sound or late period Hüsker Dü will love this tight pop/punk effort which borders on being boring and overproduced but narrowly avoids said pitfall. –Tomás (Taang!)

NEW WIND – 4 SONG EP [7"]
This band is from Sweden and began playing as a mission to combat the bad scene that was happening in their country. I'm sure Sweden has a fine language of its own so I'm confused as to why they gave in and are singing in English."What's The Meaning" is a pretty bitchin' All or Snuff-like melodic-punk nugget which is the most memorable of the four. Every song features those ever so perfect (ala Bad Religion) background vocal fills. In fact, all the vocals are mixed way too up above the guitars for my tastes. The Damned, The Ramones, all their influences hang them with their own guitar strings. On exotic orange vinyl. –Tomás (New Wind Records, Stovarg 37 Kv, S-12441 Bandhagen, Sweden)

NILS SHIELDS – NUDE KNIGHT [CD]
Determined, unsettling (and unfortunately very prominent) vocals played on top of what sounds like a torture-driven concoction of Chameleon U.K., Nick Cave, and Echo and the Bunnymen. I didn't get a lyric sheet (though maybe it was lost in the confusion, maybe it was a blessing) but I did get a note telling me which tracks are "particularly accessible." Are they kidding? Despite the bands I've compared them to there's nothing accessible about this. –Darby (652 Moulton Avenue. LA, CA 90031)

NIMROD – CUNTTROLL Flexi
An American trio living in Osaka, Japan playing an early Sonic Youth style little ditty. Nice feedback and noise rampage in the middle of the song—sorta like the band is made up of four year olds throwing big temper tantrums during the part of the song when Sonic Youth would go "crunch". It's Rad! The feedback reminds me of early Pere Ubu. You gotta love it! 18 song CD is supposedly out now.–Ethan Port (Nimrod, 6-1-21 Ueshio Tennoji-ku/ Osaka 543/ JAPAN) (Bron Records: address was mangled in the press kit!)

NO FISH ON FRIDAY – [LP]
From what I gather, this band is from Austria, which makes this truly weird because they sound so much like a South Bay (So. Cal.) outfit. In some ways it is very mid 80s sounding punk rock, but there is enough other shit thrown in that I have to say I'm impressed and surprised. It's original and it ain't fuckin' Emo-core. –Evan (Sacro Egoismo Records, c/o Tiberiju, Schelleingasse 39-24, A-1040 Wien Austria)

OUT OUT – ANTIDOTE [LP]
Here we have six songs and two remixes from this new entry into the industrial/hardbeat genre. I must say it's an impressive debut where the songs that work ("Agony", "Ingrates" and the title track) are very heavy, concrete-shaking tracks. Although not as sonically dense as Frontline Assembly or as funky as KMFDM, Out Out seem to owe a little to both of these groups and Tackhead (whose Skip McDonald helps out with some production). Samples, sequenced beats and low Skinny Puppy distortion-drenched vocals help things along. It works, what else need be said. –Tomás (Axis)

PAPER TULIPS – LINOLEUM [7"]
This is a second release by this tri-city trio. Their music reflects the influence of the new wave/punk sound of the early 80s on their music. Side A's "Linoleum" is a catchy yet simplistic song, much like their earlier stuff. "Green Dodge", on side B, creates a dreamlike state featuring flange guitar and Toast on vocals. Definitely get a hold of this single. Also included is a record sleeve that will entertain you for hours. –Jen (Flipside Records)

PENNYWISE – LP
For fans of old LA punk rock, this is a must. These guys are a faster, more agressive version of THE OFFSPRING. All of side two is hot stuff, especially the vocals on "Who's to Blame". Pennywise's live shows are even better than this record—they are energetic and sexy as hell. –Ivy (Epitaph)

POISON IDEA - KINGS OF PUNK [C]
It's good to see this (and other Poison Idea releases) available again. If you missed this classic Northwest ugly-core the first time, here is your second chance. Punk/metal riffing and gritty, drunken vocals make this mandatory for before work listening (it will help you relate to your boss on a more personal level). The P.I. chest carve on the cover says it all. -Evan (Taang!)

PRISONSHAKE · 7"
I STOLE MY SISTER'S BROCOLI IT WAS ALL GAS, ROT AND POISON. WITHIN A WEEK WE HUNGLON, SNAPPED OUT OF IT AND HIT THE ROAD

POLLEN ART - RIVERS OF FIRE
Quite an interesting change for some of the members (formerly of a popular hardcore band). This is a very rock 'n' roll outing with a lyrical lament of days gone by. Seven songs including an acoustic version of "Girl Who Lives on Heaven Hill" which fits because this sounds somewhat like the late Hüsker material in a way. –Evan (Mindpower Records, PO BOX 827, Ontario, CA 91762)

POPDEFECT – GAME OF FEAR/PAPER IMITATION [7"]
Great smear vinyl on this release from one of L.A.'s most prolific bands. Guitar on "Game of Fear" is great, low and metallic sounding. The song is mid-tempo and dark, erupting into moments of noise. The ending is a little too upbeat but overall a great song. "Paper Imitation" was not as cool upon first listen, but has some good moments. Never really caught me though. The vocals were too up front for my likings, but that's me. –Ted (Dionysus Records, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA)

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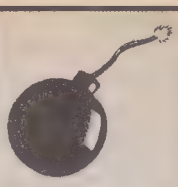


HATE SCHOOL?
One of my favorites for getting out of a class or two is to call in a bomb threat. Tell them that it is in a locker. Then they have to check them all, whilst you can slip away for an hour or two. You can even place a fake bomb (in any locker but yours). They might cancel school for a week while they investigate. (Good for getting out of work too).

Get some pure potassium or pure sodium, put it in a capsule, and flush it down the toilet (smells awful! Stinks up the whole area!). (The Jolly Roger)

PRISONSHAKE – SPOO [7"EP]
First of all, the cover spoof of Ray Pettibon's artwork for Sonic Youth's "Goo" is just too much. I love it. Both the songs on side one are good solid tunes with a touch of blues not unlike Clawhammer. Side two is a live version of "The Spider and The Fly" which demands that you enjoy the blues to appreciate it. –Evan (Estrus Records, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

RHYTHM COLLISION – PRESSURE [LP]
Happenin' Bad Religion-type pop hardcore that will surprise a few of the overly cynical of you out there. With a spirit that reminds me of early Jam in their attempt to be sharp and meaningful within pop, RC forge a little niche into the hardening artery of punk and kick in some well-put-together and catchy, hook-oriented p-rock. Nothing really furious or too Anarchist-oriented but songs like "Can't Wait For Tomorrow" and "Forward" draw you in with melodic riffs and chunky basswork. B for originality, A for effort and B+ for the Westbeach recording. I do have to mention that I have to throw the cover away and just play the record to enjoy this fully. –Tomás (Promo-clipped by PO Box 865 Agoura, CA 91376).

RORSHACH – NEEDLEPACK [7"]
More grungy metal-punk in the Neurosis camp only this time the vocals definitely remind me of Mighty Sphincter because of their whiny and pinched off qualities. Rorshach proves that they know how to do feedback and break into a slow riff. For some reason this sounds a little thin (I think it's the drums) but with a huge sound these guys could kill you. –Evan (Wardance Records, c/o Fred Alva 35–18 93 St., Jackson Heights, NY 113720

SACRED MIRACLE CAVE [7"]
Another double 7" deal from S.F.T.R.I. I thought at first that the vocalist was a guy, but discovered it was a girl with a really pretty, husky voice. Anyway, I couldn't get into this for some reason - the music is pretty good, but something just rubbed me wrong, although "Liquid In Me", a hypnotic song with a grungy, somewhat psychedelic feel to it, was cool. The ballad, "I Will Remain" shows off Betsy's awesome voice and has some great acoustic work. On second thought (and fourth listen), I do like this. A girl can change her mind ya know! –Kerin (Sympathy)

SEAM – 7"
This is the type of band that makes all the other bands who've been sweating for years trying to "get a break" ponder such questions as "What's the use?", "Why am I doing this in the first place?" and "Who in their right mind...". Old Pastels, Downey Mildew, and Lloyd Cole on barbituites – Yes, a horrid concept. I don't need to get fucked, I need to get stoned... with a big rock... in slow-mo... I bet you anything they're nice guys. –Darby (Promo-clipped by Homestead)

SEKA – LOVE SHIM [C]
When Darby gave to me this tape to review I thought the European porn star had started her own band, and I formed all sorts of ideas what that band might sound like. Somehow I kept coming back to the Plasmatics or the Mentors, depending on how she wanted to take it. To my disappointment, this all-male band isn't even all that obnoxious, but dishes out mid-fast tempo punkness that's neither all that great or all that awful. It could be my fault; I was expecting the God-awful and was let down. On the right night, I bet I could appreciate this live, but I wouldn't listen to this stuff at home again. –Bob Lee (Taang)

THE SHATNERS – SAD ENCOUNTER WITH A SHIRTLESS BOY ON A SHORT BUS RIDE [CD]
The songs on this are an eclectic mix of styles ranging from country hick to pop/punk to Herman's Hermits. It's silly and serious at the same time; I can't think of anyone to compare them to except maybe King Missile. Highlights are "Amie", "Sportin' a Woody", "Perfect Girl" and "Columbian Wannabe" (for its vocal harmony). They have a lot of energy and a new female drummer who's really dynamic. – Ivy (S.O.L. Records, 1440 E. 8th St., Long Beach, CA 90813)

SHOEFACE – [7"]
A promising 7" from these guys, whom I saw opening up for NoMeansNo at Al's Bar this year. I remember then I thought the band would be better on record but now I think they would be better live. Confused? Well, they do pack in a lot of energy and some of these songs remind me of the Canadian Subhumans which I really like. Falls a little short of being a great first release but give them time and they will probably knock you on your bottom. –D. Gomez (PO Box 818, Pomona, CA 91769)

SHONEN KNIFE – BLUE OYSTER CULT/ LAZY BONE [7"]
"Lazybone" is more of the same jangly guitar sugarpop these Japanese gals have always played. "BOC" is sung in Japanese, except for the constant repetition of the phrase "Blue Oyster", so I haven't a clue what they're talking about. The Hawaiian inspired guitar sound is pretty nifty though. –Evan (Promoclipped by Rockville / Gasatanka Records, PO Box 800, Rockefeller Center, NY 11571-0800)

SKINYARD – 1000 SMILING KNUCKLES [LP]
Minimal SubPop style guitar playing with annoying SWA like vocals with heavy metal overtones. I obviously wasn't too impressed by this release, but if you're into that kind of sound then this is definitely for you. Too boring for the likes of me. –Jen (Cruz Records)

SKINYARD – THE BULLDOG [10" SINGLE]
I haven't heard anything from SKINYARD since their first record four years ago. A ten-inch single is sort of neat. (SST/Cruz must have gotten a good deal on 10" vinyl down at the bulk bins at the pressing plant) Maybe it is as simple as "It's just like a 7" but we can charge more!!!" Not to dog them though, this is good stuff. The Beatles cover of "Bulldog" is straightforward enough to even include the piano. I can't quite figure out the message of the flipside, though. Is it a call to arms for all those who need to do some rebelling? The music is in the heavy rock area and features some swell guitar licks courtesy of Mr. Endino. Definitely the best band on Cruz. –Evan (Cruz Records)

SKUNKWEED – [7"]
The main focus on this is the legalization of marijuana/hemp. Ha, it's on green vinyl! Surprisingly the music is not as dumb as the packaging and reminds one of Superchunk in their approach to punk and melody. This is party rock, "Get The Fuck Outta My Way", anti-authoritarian goulash and all that. Comes with hemp info sheet. –Tomás (Legalize, PO Box 194282, San Francisco,CA 94119)

SLUB – [7"]
I really wanted to fall totally in love with this record because it reminds me of TRAGIC MULATTO, which I really like, but the Zeppelin ripoff on "Burning Immigrant" gets a little long, even if it is a joke. Otherwise, it's a pretty good release, but I'll have to find love somewhere else. –D. Gomez (Sympathy)

SON OF SAM – 4 SONG EP [7"]
A yellow wax DIY effort from a punk/noise band from Deee-Troit. Yo, the murder capital of the US has done its share in coming up with original outfits. These guys take their city's history to heart but break no new songwriting ground. Mostly indecipherable lyrics punctuate this garage/basement quality production which both sucks and is really funny at the same time. The songs were written between '83 and '89 which means these guys have history, but time proves to be no help in terms of making interesting new punk. –Tomás (44 Caliber Records 667 Alexandrine #2 Detroit, MI 48201)

THE SORT OF QUARTET – BOMBAS DE AMOK [CD]
It's finally out! These guys have nothing better to do than to fry their brains out in the desert (La Quinta, CA is 15 miles past Palm Springs) and write the most totally fucked up songs you'll ever hear. This 14 song instrumental disc has its roots in jazz, funk, and blues but compared to the sad state of all those three forms of music, I'd say this band could be punk rock. If D. Boone was alive and formed a band with Ornette Colman, this band would definitely open up for them. Can't say how much more I like it, so buy it! –D. Gomez (Garzona Productions, 54430 Obregon, La Quinta, CA 92255)

SUN CITY GIRLS – THREE FAKE FEMALE ORGASMS [double 7"]
A myriad of noise sound and sculpture from this legendary Arizona posse. Two 7"s worth of No Wave, grunge-overkill, spooky weirdness and music to be possessed by. If you're hip to the likes of Satin Chickens, Tall Dwarves or Caroliner Rainbow, dig your knuckles into this mess. –Tomás (Majora, PO Box 78418 Seattle, WA 98178)

SWAMP ZOMBIES [7" EP]
It starts off pretty bad with "Creeps", a song that gets boring in the first twenty seconds, and then lasts for three minutes. I'll try side two. "California": it wouldn't be half as bad if the vocal harmonies had been left out. " I love you, etc.": even more pathetic than "Creeps". It's bad poetry set to acoustic music that should never have left the coffee house. –Evan (Dr. Dream Records)

TEXAS VAMPS – EVERYTHING AND NOTHING [C]
I guess you'd call this gothic glam rock - or maybe not. There sure are a lot of guitars on this four song cassette, which gets old quick. The first song, "If I Don't Wake Up Today" is a sappy song prayer with lyrics like "please help fix the hole in the sky/and all the violence that makes us cry/please help find a cure for AIDS /don't let my friends die this way." Musically, it's the best track, with the shortest guitar solo and a pretty good nod-your-head-to-the-beat rhythm. The rest of the tape is regurgitated sound — I've heard it before. Guitars, guitars, and deep, pseudo-angst filled vocals. This is the last time I steal a tape from I.P. Freely's box. –Kerin (Texas Vamps, PO Box 515, Corona, CA 91718-0515)

3D PICNIC – SUNSHINE AND COCKROACHES [CD]
Lots of high caliber songcraft here: they even out-Beatle Squeeze on a few occasions. They have the male/female X vocal thing down pat even though they legally swiped their title track from them. I like Don Burnet's David Bowie shout. When he croons he uses an occasional lounge-weary delivery that is a bit incongruous without their funny live presentation. I'm not trying to belittle all the effort put into this disc, but a little more venom to go with the cool feedback or some personal revelation in the lyrics might make it more of a soundtrack to peoples' lives. Maturity is for CPAs. No offense, Dad. –Barney Satyr (Cargo Records)

TIM – [7"]
A two song red vinyl, lush, beautiful, E-bowed-out recording arranged by, you guessed it, Tim. No 33/45 play speed info here

UPSIDE DOWN CROSS: beyond ugly-core

and since these are both instrumentals it could be either. This Mortal Coil very much comes to mind and excellent production by SF underground legend Greg Freeman completes this pleasant experience. If you dig Breathless-esque guitar synth wash with no trace of a dance (or any other kind of) beat this will come as an unexpected surprise. –Tomás (Fowl Records P.O. Box 1821 San Francisco CA 94101)

THE TOMMYKNOCKERS – NOISY BEAST [7"]
Well executed rock and roll on black and white vinyl from this Hollywood based three-piece. "More to Come" is fast and reminiscent of the Damned. The back cover photo of a bloody hand holding a switchblade scared the pants off of me (so look out!). –Ivy (Dionysus Records)

TRAIN BLACK – BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND/TURN IT OVER
"Beginning to Understand" is slow, jangle guitar pop with vocals that sound like they come out of an Irish pub; warbly and none too good. "Turn it Over" is much better, but still predictable. Noisy pop, with the vocals slightly affected, slightly Bob Mouldish. No recommendation here. –Ted (Worry Bird Disc, PO Box 95485, Atlanta, GA 30347)

TYPE O NEGATIVE – SLOW, DEEP AND HARD [LP]
"None more negative," this Brooklyn quartet's slogan, is a very appropriate description of this debut release. Formed in 1988 by bassist Peter Steele (formerly of Carnivore), Type O Negative seems to be more a release of self-destructive anxiety than one of mere entertainment. These guys are serious! Rape, suicide, faithlessness, and death saturate the listener with some of the most angst-ridden music I have heard in a long time. One second they are hardcore, then gothic metal, then industrial. The twelve minute "Unsuccessfully Coping with the Natural Beauty of Infidelity," which actually is not one song but THREE meshed together around one theme (all of the cuts are like this) kicks ass! On the down side, parts of this release really drag. Nevertheless, it a cool album and worth checking out. -Thom (Promo-clipped by RoadRacer Records, 225 Lafayette St., Suite 407, New York, NY 10012)

UPSIDE DOWN CROSS – [C]
If you grew up in hell, songs like "Kill for Satan" were probably your national anthem. It's full of pagan pageantry, complete with satanic lyrics, slow grungy music and gravel throat vocals. All and all it's not bad, but it's definitely an acquired taste. This is something that you wouldn't want to wind down after work with, but if you're psyching yourself out for mass murders, this should be in your car stereo. – Dave Gomez (Taang)

VOLCANO SUNS – BLVE RIB / OPENINGS [7"]
I Love the Volcano Suns, I Love the Volcano Suns Buy everything they put out or be sad. If you go gaga for Mission of Burma, "get a specialist, for your guest list", and collect everything! My only 'complaint' is either the pressing or the recording is really cruddy on this. –Ethan (Touch and Go)

VOLCANO SUNS – CAREER IN ROCK [LP]
This band is godhead. Peter Prescott fucking rocks, and the rest of the band ain't so bad either. "Career In Rock" is so hot, it almost warps in your hands. All 10 songs on this are fantastic "Blue Rib" has Prescott's vocals front and center (talk about guttural screams) amidst a fury of clashing cymbals and guitar/bass thunder. "Binds That Tie" is a funkier sounding tune—the bass and the vocals interact well and is Prescott really saying "Va va voom"? "Punching Bag" reminds me, for some strange reason, of "Moscow Idaho" by the Cassandra Complex, which is a big compliment. Volcano Suns should move to L.A., do a show with Trash Can School and blow some roofs off around town. –Kerin (Quarterstick Records, PO Box 25342, Chicago, IL 25342)

WINDOWPAIN INDUSTRIES – 1st TRANSMISSION SINCE THE COLLAPSE [7"]
Two very different sides and styles on this records. One side is like a pagan-folk ala Current 93/Death in June deal but not half as interesting as those usually drag projects. The flip is Nurse With Wound-ish cut-up/experimental drone done from an amateur perspective. The problem here is that there are about 10 billion much more worthwhile experimental tape-only projects that deserve the clear vinyl space that this project takes up. No 33/45 play info here so try both. –Tomás (no label or address at this time)

WITH AUTHORITY – FEEL THE PAIN [EP]
Fuzzy, fast guitar; snare, bass, snare. Yell the vocals. Say "fuck" fairly often. Simple chord progressions. Yeah, this is middle America punk-rock. Will it convert anyone? No. Will it turn off the faithful? No. Music for 17 year olds, by 17 year olds. Does for me what most records do these days—nothing. –Ted (WARecords, 516 N. Grant #8, Bloomington, IN 47408)

YARD TRAUMA – LOSE YOUR HEAD [LP]
Lee Joseph and his mates are once again on their way through dirty railway station restrooms, filthy suburban bars at 4 AM , all this stuff, you know, and they still know what rock means. This LP has their 7" "Eyes" on it as well as loads of new stuff (although this record has been released a couple of months ago, I know). I wish more people would realize that this kind of stuff is straight outta the heart into your ugly faces...I totally dig 'Traumatized'. Anyway, if you're a fan, you already own this, if you're not, you don't. I am definitely a fan, and you should be too. —Daniel Lay Screaming (Gift of Life via New Red Archives)

YOUNG GODS – PLAY KURT WEILL [CD]
Adapting the avant-garde music composed by Kurt Weill in the early 1900s was taken on as a labor of love by Switzerland's Young Gods. Originally performing the work from Weill's diverse cabaret/stage musical repertoire at a Swiss government sponsored festival, the threesome went into the studio shortly afterward to record 8 amazing interpretations. I remember vividly "September Song" from their "L'eau Rouge" tour being a strange highlight that left many astounded. The blending of loud heavy guitars recreated by a sampler matched with thick strange-tempo drum beats (both live and electronic) and the piercing, scarred-throat vocals of Franz Muze belting out the operatic and wistful concoctions of Weill lend themselves to both a powerful and tragic feeling. "Mackie Messer" lifted from Weill's famous "Three Penny Opera" is a brilliant example of how industrial/electronic music can bring the soul out of classically written music. A not to be missed release. –Tomás (Play It Again Sam 114 W. 26th St. New York, NY 10001)

YOUTH GONE MAD – YESTERDAYS INNOCENCE.... [7"]
YGM really aren't a band per se but are more whomever Ena plays with at any given time. I'm not sure but this might have been recorded some time ago because it has the same sound as the YGM tracks on the Sudden Death Compilation released in 1982. In fact one song, "Ode to Darby", was on that record although I think this is a slightly different version. The other two cuts carry a similar feel which I would call "Rodney Era Pop–Punk–Sickness" with a portion of The Butthole Surfers and 45 Grave tossed in. – Evan (Smilin' Ear Records, PO Box 47655, San Antonio, TX 98265)

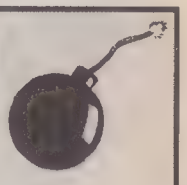
SPLITS AND COMPS

C & P RECORDS [LP]
"Feels Like the Plague" by DOUG ORTON is a little like the Mumbletypegs, but the vocals are more pretentious and irritating. "Nervous Guy" by the Icky Boyfriends and "Get The Bait" by Spudd are both living room Geek-Spaz-Nerd songs. I gather Spudd is a found recording from the early 80's made by teenagers in the mid-west or something. "Reflecting Pool" by Mood Swings is the best cut, with a nice early 80's new wave/pop style. The Plimsouls and Jonathon Richmond come to mind. Nice small scale company. – Ethan Port (C & P Records, 109 Minna St., Suite 341, SF, CA, 94105)

COLLECTIVE CONSCIENCE [7"]
A cool compilation featuring four bands with at least one member who lives at Studio Four, a San Francisco collective. The bands are Blister, Assassins Of God, Sabot, Tinnitus and each gives us a good song in the progressive punk strain. This is definitely worth checking out and comes with a 12 page booklet with some great photos. – Evan (Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146)

BIM SKALA BIM/STABILIZER [7"]
Gainesville's now sadly defunct Stabilizer were blazing some

Revenge Tip #117-8



HOMOPHOBIC?
If you have a extremely sexist and/or homophobic male boss, send him a male stripper anonymously on his birthday. Make sure the dancer is extremely gestural and takes it all off. The entire office staff must be looking on for this to have full impact. (Ivy)

If somebody you dislike has a party at their parent's house, tape graphic photos from homosexual magazines to the bottom of his/her mother's underwear drawer. She will be really surprised to see a big hard-on poking out from under her panties! (Ivy)

THE GODFATHER OF PORNO METAL RETURNS WITH HIS 1ST SOLO LP

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hardcore pathways along the trails laid by Soulside and Rites Of Spring and the two groovers on this split "Catharsis" and "Self Concieved" are testaments to their positive contribution to the new sound of punk rock. Solid. Boston's Bim Skala Bim deliver a highly produced pair of Caribbean-influenced ska ala 3rd-wave ska-revival as pioneered in New York and England. All right. Comes with issue eight of one of the most awesome fanzines on the planet, NO IDEA. –Tomás

ESTRUS HALF RACK [BOX SET 7"]
Another designer 7-inch limited edition (2000), colored vinyl box set from the Bellingham indie powerhouse. No matter what side of the record collecting debate you line up on ("half the fun of buying r n'r records is having something your buddy doesn't" or "record collecting is the poor man's 'investment in art'...for the *petit* petit bourgeois") this set is worthwhile. 12 songs, 12 bands with a focus on beer drinking. Some of the stuff is really fun - PHANTOM SURFERS, KINGS OF ROCK - some is a bit thin. Personally, I could care less about the package. If I'm gonna be drinking beer, I'd rather have it all on one disc than have to stumble to the turn table half dozen times just to hear it once. Until they release the LP, buy a cassette deck. Tape it. – Alan (Estrus)

FILTH/BLATZ – DESTROY EVERYTHING/TOUCH OF BLATZ [LP]
This "split-shit" LP features two of Berkeley's most disaffected punk groups who take the "Fuk Shit Up" ethic to heart. Filth's side is an amazing , blazing display of political thrash with plenty of memorable songs. "Night Of Rage" and "Violence As A Solution" are the standouts. Filth is as raw as punk gets and whether or not you take them seriously they'll still punch you in the eye with their sentiment and throw a brick through your store window of reality. Blatz is a unique group that features two female vocalists and one male (Anna, Annie and Jessie) who scream and wail their way through a host of Berkeley diatribes. Their style is very different from Filth's with a more American punk sound being the operative. Perhaps one of the East Bay's finest releases. –Tomás (Lookout Records, PO Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94701)

IF IT MOVES [LP]
Overall, a good sampling of some of the "electronic dance bands" that are out and about playing and recording in California! The cuts that really stick out in my mind are: Scar Tissue's "C.D.B."- it pumps and swirls, A-Politiq's "White Noise"- it's a nice linear mess!, and Yeht Mae's "Freedom" which really fuckin' kicks!! Get this and wiggle a bunch with the devil! It's limited to 1000 copies so hurry up! –Pork (Torture Tech Overdrive, 4545 Contour Blvd. #C, San Diego, CA 92115)

LETCH PATROL/YOUTH GONE MAD [7"]
YOUTH GONE MAD deliver two songs, "Better Things" and "Motorcycles", in their typical 1–2–1–2 early eighties LA punk style. Letch Patrol gives us long brooding piece, "Ode to Fred", with most of the lyrics indecipherable but containing references to "Worshipping the Dead", "Hendrix", and some guy named "Fred". –Evan (YGM address is 560 W. 43 #30G, NYC, NC,10036)

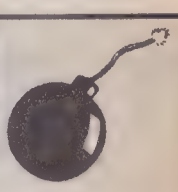
LOVE AND NAPALM – VOL. 2 [7"]
Grinding, pumping, weird and wiry. This four song 7" makes me want to drive real fast and masturbate with truck drivers on the highway. Have a wiener roast with this blasting so you can tell your parents you like to fuck!! –Pork (Trance Syndicate Records)

MUDHONEY vs. HALO OF FLIES – MOD SHOWDOWN [7"]
Both bands cover older rock/mod tunes, and pretty well I might add. Mudhoney does The Milkshakes' (Billy Childish's band) "She's Just Fifteen", giving it a dose of typical Mudhoney snarl. H.O.F. do "Jagged Time Lapse" by John's Children (never heard of them) and I'm always a sucker for tremelo so I dig it. This grew on me more than I expected and I hear it's rare as shit already. – Evan (Amphetamine Reptile)

SEARCH AND ANNOY [LP]
This is a compilation showing what's up in the Jersey area. All four of these bands are pretty tame, reminding me a lot of major label "alternative" bands. This should agree with all college rock crowd. In fact the only annoying thing about this comp. is the bio they sent with it, which mentions the executive producer, Sam Shiffman, about a million times. The sad thing is, I think he wrote it. –D. Gomez (Complex Records)

THERE'S A FAGGOT IN THE PIT [7"]
Probably the best collection of Bay Area punk I've heard this year with a variety of genres represented from Goof-core to pop-punk to serious anarcho-thrash. Five bands in all: Filth, Glee Club, Good Grief, All You Can Eat and Up To Here who are not necessarily confronting the comp.'s theme of Homophobia in their songs but basically contributing to the cause some punchy punk numbers. Glee Club's emotion-drenched pop track "The Age Of Reason" is much fun and the classic name-sake tune by Filth is a slice of live Gilman St. Comes with a lyric sheet and double sided printed cover with much info. Fans of Maximum RNR will chuckle at the choice of label mascot (Yo Mama) and this 100% Do-It-Yourself produced by the fine strugglers at Shred Of Dignity. Five thumbs up. –Tomás (Bobo Records, PO Box 326 Berkeley, CA 94701)

Revenge Tip #205



There was this big party involving an entire floor of the dorm I was living in at Cal State Sacramento and my next door neighbor had invited some of his hometown buddies up to party down. One of them got sloshed early and was a complete asshole the whole night, starting fights, harassing girls, breaking stuff, etc. Late in the evening he passed out next door but not before he puked all over the room. The guy who lived there retreated for shelter in another room. My roommate, a coke-freak from down the hall, and I swiftly raided their refrigerator and drank all their leftover beer. It was good. And to reward the asshole we filled one of the Miller bottles back up with our own urine, capped it, put it back in the fridge, and went to bed. The next day we talked to some people in the hall and they said the dickhead was walking around bragging about how he was going to cure his hangover with the one beer he had found chilled in the fridge. He had already gone home with his pals so we turned Mr. Next Door onto the fact that his buddy had drank a bottle of our piss for breakfast. He thought it was real funny and called the fucker's house later on. The shithead said, "Well that expains why I puked all the way home". (Evan)

I.P. Freely's ANTI-DEMO COLUMN

While opening this month's mail I became annoyed at the lack of titles for a good many of these tapes. What gives? Is it so hard to think one up? Not enough hours in the day? Maybe you're too WONDERFUL and TALENTED to lower yourselves to the level of selling something you believe in, and Herb Alpert has to fly you out to the coast, offer you big money and fix you up with his escort service before you can figure out if you even believe in yourself at all. Or could it be that you musicians are just a mite POMPOUS, and you think that by merely PUTTING YOUR BAND'S NAME on something it renders it priceless? What'll it be next-will I start getting 'Demo' tapes with roman numerals after the band's name as a 'title' a la Sylvester Stallone or Van Halen?

So because of all this I've taken it upon myself to help out all the feeble minded contributors to I.P. #7 and give titles to all tapes that came with none. Sort of like the way a fancy restaurant will have ties on hand to loan out to men who show up in sport shirts, so they can keep the place looking respectable. I need to try keep MY place respectable too. Not that I'm respected by anyone anyway, but, I mean, if my pals ever found out that I spend my free time listening to a lot of 'Demo' tapes I'd never live it down. So if the musicians want to act like faceless morons, fine; but at least I'll have my ass covered.

AFTERMATH

MINDLESS MAYOC

Extreme Speed Metal from North Carolina. They sure do play fast. They're good at what they do. So are the hundred thousand American bands just like them. Surely these Johnny Rebs have talent, but to what end?

VIBRATION UNION

WE THINK WE'RE THE NEXT LED ZEPPELIN AND DON'T HAVE TO TITLE OUR FIRST TAPE

The info sheet with this one says that Vibration Union is a 'unique' band. Yeah, and so what-every band says that. But surprise-they actually are. This is very free form rock music; in any given song the band is liable to shift gears and trip out on whatever tangent seems to strike their fancy, from breezy acoustic rock to jazzy 7/8 improvs, with multi-layered vocal arrangements interspersed throughout. Not my kind of thing, but anyone who bucks the trends to do what they like is usually OK by me, on general principles. Their big Achilles heel: They pen incredibly dumb words. Not quite as dumb as Sprung Monkey (see below), but they give them a run for their money.

SHARON TATE

MOPPING UP THE DREGS OF TRENDY MANSON WORSHIP

Huh? What happened? The first few minutes of this really drew me in: a long, slow atonal instrumental segment with lots of neat, strange chords and harmonics. I was about to forget the terrible sound quality, really get into the thing and prepare to write a decent notice. Then, inexplicably, they blew the whole thing out of orbit with one of those ultra fast 1-2-3-4 breaks. I guess that, right there in the middle of the song, they couldn't handle the pressure of being different and had to be just like everybody else, playing fast overcomplicated music and singing about non-conformity.

DELICIOUS MIND GARDEN

COOL GUYS TRAPPED IN THE BODIES OF DORKS

Well, with songs like "Gordo the Wonder Pig", I might dispute the cool guys' claim.

THE CLINTS

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO KIMBERLY DRUMMOND?

I don't watch re-runs of "Different Strokes" so the poignant beauty of the title song (yes it's really their title) escapes me. Apparently these three guys who are all named Clint have some hot burning passion for some chick named Kimberly from that show, and they made this tape of themselves strumming guitars and singing about it. I guess they find it therapeutic or something, channeling all that raw animal lust into sweet harmonies. I usually can't stomach this Red Kross kind of shit, grown men singing about old TV sitcoms and that kind of thing, but this stuff is pretty well written and put together. Good recording quality too. The second song, "Gender Blur" is a better bet for all you people out there smart enough to have avoided TV shows like "Different Strokes" all these years.

I.P.'s Review O-Matic

	Aftermath	Vibration Union	Sharon Tate	The Clints	Delicious Mind Garden	The Ballistics	Ragabash	Buzzsaw	Sketch	Dead Lady's Place	Big Meat Hammer	Area 51	Sprung Monkey	A-Politix
ART & PACKAGING	1	5	1	2	2	0	1	0	3	1	3	2	5	5
BOOK? STICKERS?	0	1	0	5	2	0	3	8	0	0	1	3	0	3
SOUND QUALITY	1	6	1	7	5	1	5	1	1	4	4	4	5	6
LYRICS	0	0	2	5	0	3	0	8	2	5	0	2	0	6
LACK OF GUITARS	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9
MINUS SCORES														
I HAD TO TITLE IT FOR THEM (-10pts)	-	10	10	10	-	-	10	10	-	10	-	-	10	10
LAME CONCEPT*	-	10	15	-	10	-	25	-	15	-	15	25	25	-
THEY SEEM TO WANT TO GET SIGNED (-20pts)	20	-	-	20	-	20	20	-	-	-	-	20	20	-
BONUS SCORES														
ERASE TABS INTACT? (10pts)	-	-	-	-	10	10	-	-	-	-	-	-	10	-
LISTENED TO THE WHOLE THING WITHOUT VOMITING (20pts)	-	20	-20	-	20	-	-	-	20	-	-	-	-	20
TOTALS	-18	22	-21	9	9	14	-46	7	-9	20	-7	-34	-35	40

*LAME CONCEPT SCORING:

-10: TOO INTELLECTUAL TO HAVE A CONCEPT. *Leave art school at once. Do not pass GO do not collect $200*

-15: DATED CONCEPT. *Spare me-send it to ROLLING STONE or their bastard spawn at MAXIMUM ROCK & ROLL.*

-25: SUCCESS CONCEPT. *Hey, you're the next WARRANT! Allow I.P. to give you a toilet shampoo, fuckface!*

SCORING:

81-100	MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE--IT MUST BE SOMEONE I'M SLEEPING WITH
70-79	THE MESSIAH HAS RETURNED
40-69	DESERVES A HUNK OF THAT MICHAEL JACKSON BILLION
20-39	MAYBE THEY'RE GOOD OR MAYBE THEY JUST PUNCHED OUT THE ERASE TABS
0-19	NOT MUCH GOING ON HERE-SAVE YOUR MONEY
-20- -1	SHOULD PUT AN AD IN THE RECYCLER AND SELL ALL THEIR EQUIPMENT
-55- -21	SHOULD GIVE THEIR EQUIPMENT AWAY AND THEN LIGHT THEMSELVES ON FIRE
-55 and under	MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE--IT MUST BE A PERSONAL VENDETTA OF MINE

THE BALLISTICS

UGLY LASER PRINTED LABEL-WHOA!

Party band from Santa Ana bashes out 6 songs of primitive rock, descended from the family tree of Link Wray and The Gun Club. The playing is stilted and clumsy, and the singer is constantly trying to find that note he dropped five bars ago, but they try really hard and with this kind of music that counts for something.

LEFT WING FASCISTS

A MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE

Hey, now I've been discovered by the indies! This tape was sent to me from a label I'd never heard of called Rincon. But now I read the fine print and see that it's "Manufactured and Distributed by RHINO". Sorry, fuck-os...Send it to Music Connection, I don't want that shit around here. That goes for all the rest of you big time "indie" corporations, with your stables full of those tame cocksucking bands like Smashing Pumpkins and Bad Religion.

RAGABASH

WE FUCKED BULIMIA COLON AND ALL IT GOT US WAS A SPOT ON REQUEST VIDEO

This band's claim to heavy metal immortality is their appearance as the guest band for a cable TV broadcast of the Two Man Sand Pro Volleyball Championship '90. I know that sounds like a corny joke that I would crack about a band from Huntington Beach but it's true, it's in their press kit. Also included in the package was a rave show review of them from Flipside, some xeroxed pics of the group in their cute beach togs and long hair, and some sheets asking if you'll please help the band out and call up KDOC and ask them to play their new video. Oh, and there was this tape in there too. Kind of shitty, it's this sort of refined, polished heavy metal with lots of that slap bass in effect. Imagine Jello Biafra singing with Faith No More at the Grammies and you got it. They'll probably take that as a compliment and I'll be on their next press sheet. Drag!

BUZZSAW

DOUBLE LIVE BOZO *(Specially priced 2-Tape set w/mud plastic boxes)*

Another package on my table from those wacky noise minions way out in Upland, Shrimper Tapes. Buzzsaw is a German poet ranting over a manic distorted guitar track. I like what they're doing, but with sound quality this bad it doesn't really work. Someday, whoever is responsible for running this cassette-only label will donate their shitty tape deck (a Dictaphone no doubt) to the Goodwill and hold down a job long enough to buy a DAT machine and then I'll really have something to review.

SLATCH

137

They call this "Lizard-Core". No explanation given about exactly what "Lizard-Core" means. Their 'Demo' got great reviews in Maximum R & R and Flipside. Oh, OK now I get it. "Lizard-Core" = irrelevant, outdated punk.

DEAD LASZLO'S PLACE

2 OF US WORK AT THE VAN NUYS KINKO'S SO WE GET OUR TAPE LABELS DONE FOR FREE

Do you live clean? Shun meat by-products? Lay down in front of police cars to get your kicks? Well if so, then this 5-song EP of trebly and tuneful posi-core punk stuff, pulled from straight out of the Ian Mackaye bag of tricks, is for you. Well, maybe this band isn't really totally straight edge. Maybe they just have a bit of wine with dinner. And a case of Black Label backstage. Anyway, only one moment on this tape made me prick up my ears; it's when the song "Father" grinds to a sloppy halt, and the singer starts to cry. It's too brief a moment in my opinion but it's more than I get with a lot of other tapes I have to listen to. So even though I won't be hanging onto my copy of this maybe I can still recommend it to you on that alone. And if you do go for it, you little nose-ringed communist anvil-around-the-neck-of-society, you can be sure that the hard earned dollars you send to Dead Lazlo's Place are going to a good cause, putting all those capitalist pig instant printers out of business.

BIG MEAT HAMMER

SONGS FROM THE DINNER TABLE

Lame attempt at hardcore punk by a veteran of the Portland, Maine "scene". The charming press kit for his latest band features bad drawings of scantily clad women eating out of dog food bowls. I think this guy should break up the band and find his true calling as a customs agent up on the Canadian border. Or maybe he could get a job with Mrs. Butterworths, tapping those little spigots into maple trees to get the syrup out.

AREA 51

JUST SAY FUCK

This one was cool until the singing started. They're just your garden variety metalheads. Their info sheet has to be read to be believed. Ah, well, they're from Las Vegas, what do you want anyway? From Henderson, actually...that little town you pass on the way to Hoover Dam. I tried to rent a boat there once and, no shit, I think the bass player was the one working the counter who called for my Visa authorization. Declined of course and now I have my revenge. The band takes their name from an A-test site nearby, and it's their stupid tape title so don't give me credit for it.

A-POLITIQ

HEY MAMA-WE WERE TOO BUSY PUTTING TOGETHER OUR NAME-DROPPING PRESS KIT TO THINK UP A TITLE

Gaffe #1: Hilarious zinger from the bio sheet: "Coming together after years of artistic indetermination, Hayden & York...While exploring sampling and improvisational sound research, discovered an avenue of mutual consciousness" ...Gaffe #2: The singer's voice sounds just like that guy in Pink Floyd's...Gaffe #3: The LA Weekly likes them, and judging from all this xerox mess I'm looking at, A-Politiq seem to think that that's some kind of a really swank endorsement. But after overlooking the gaffes, this turns out to be not such a bad offering after all. It's the techno-damaged industrial groove thing. Lots of synthesizers, drum machines and gadgets going off, with newscasters and treated voices and such popping up in the mix. I can't hear a lot of the words but I get the notion that they're discoursing on the usual cyberpunk topics of alienation, media damage, and monkeys with electrodes stuck on their heads. This music is a little too daaaaance floor for me but it's spare and clean with some good production behind it.

SPRUNG MONKEY

WE WROTE A CUTESY, SNIDE LETTER TO I.P. AND JUST LOOK WHERE IT GOT US

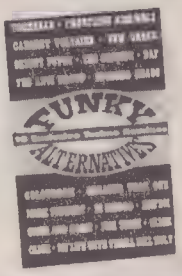
Truly cool and bizarre tape insert artwork gave me high expectations for this one. But what we have here is some really dumb and predictable metal shit, just more suburbanite dudes talking about buttfucking girls that they don't particularly like. Who cares. I only hope these guys move to Hollywood soon, where there's about 50,000 other bands just like them, and get a lot of pay-to-play gigs so they can be on the receiving end of some of that good anal sex for a change. I'm not even listing an address for these clowns.

AFTERMATH, PO BOX 394, GARNER, NC 27529
Controlled Substance, 6548 Segovia Rd., Ste. C, Santa Barbara, CA 93117 ($5.50)
AREA 51, 2813 OASIS CIR.., HENDERSON, NV 89014
BIG MEAT HAMMER, PO BOX 7971, PORTLAND, ME 04112
LAWSUIT MUSIC, PO BOX 265, VAN NUYS, CA 91408
RAGABASH, PO BOX 2744, HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA, 92647
THE BALLISTICS, 4325 SILVER DR., SANTA ANA, CA 92703
THE CLINTS, PO BOX 88, 3208 CAHUENGA BLVD., LA, CA 90068
SLATCH, PO BOX 1907, HURST, TX 76053 ($4.00)
VIBRATION UNION, 12524 EMELITA ST., N. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91607
SHARON TATE, PO BOX 25283, FRESNO, CA 93724-5283
DELICIOUS MIND GARDEN, 1118 'J' E. WALNUT, SANTA ANA , CA 92704

Funky Alternatives "18 Exclusive Techno Remixes" (A-197) Techno remixes of 18 of the world's foremost electronic dance "Technocrats." None of these versions appear elsewhere!!! Tackhead, 23 Skidoo, New Order, DAF, Colourbox, Chris & Cosey, Cabaret Voltaire, Mark Stewart, Severed Heads, Frontline Assembly, The Shamen, Click Click, Fini Tribe, Skinny Puppy, The Anti Group, Greater Than One, My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult & KMFDM. Over 90 minutes!!!

Sigue Sigue Sputnik "The First Generation" (A-194) Earliest studio demos and recent experiments. U.K. Electronic, Dub Rock 'n' Roll band with Tony James, formerly of Generation X and now with Sisters Of Mercy.

Einsturzende Neubauten "2x4" (A-133) First-rate live performances capture their concert sound for the first time. Number one German industrial band!



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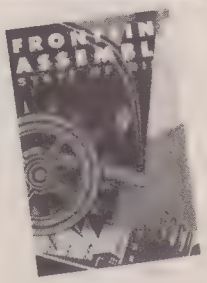

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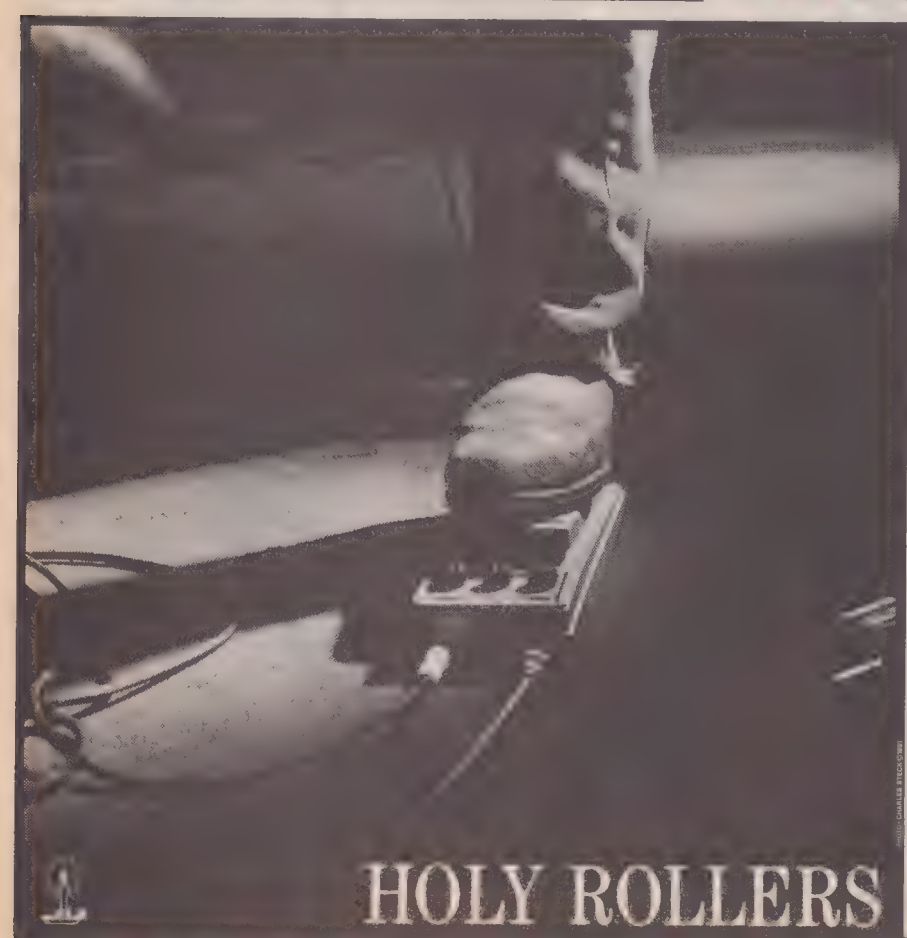

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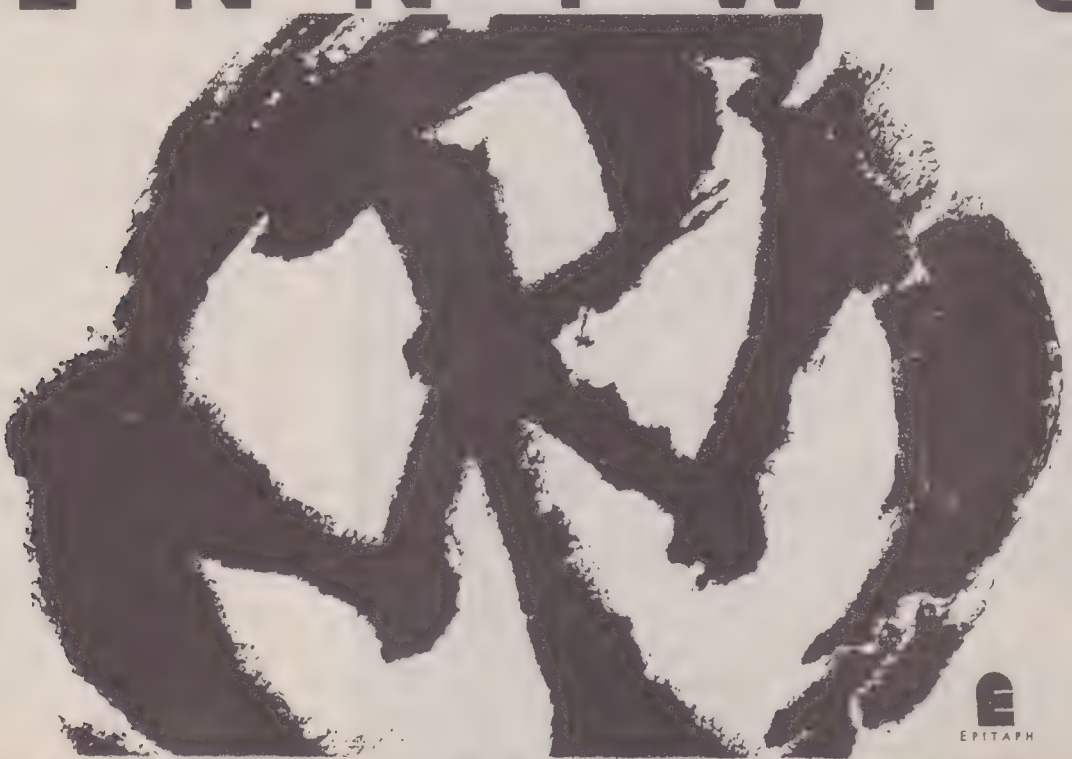

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Jamming With Nancy Duran

— And All The Really, Really Big Rock Stars —

by Monica Moran

Welcome to the world of Nancy Duran. A longtime LA scenester, she has agreed to make her memoirs available to the public in a written form, and is allowing BID to serialize them first for you, our lucky readers. Follow the intrepid Nancy Duran as she moves through the LA punk and post punk musical eras, joining band after band and even working a stint the infamous independent record label, STP. Though the names throughout have been changed to protect those who didn't know any better, you should be able to figure out who most of the major players are. Who, after all, hasn't been to at least one Saffron Trust show, even if it wasn't at the historic Cafe Grande? But beware—some of the characters are wholly ficitional, and the pleasure of the story is what will keep you coming back, not the guessing game. Who knows, you might even run across yourself in Nancy's story—if you're a really, really big star.

CHAPTER ONE:

The 7-Eleven sign had taken on a kaleidoscopic appearance. I didn't like the looks of it.

Tony Alvin drove us there in his 71' Camaro: cherry. He had a really good car stereo with really good speakers. This meant that I would be able to hear the words to "Stairway to Heaven" that much better:

"...It's just a sprinkling for the May Queen..."

Heather Kelley sat next to me in the back seat. She passed the joint to Tony then to me. I refused. I had already taken two hits as it were. Bad plan.

"Do you have any Zig Zags?" Heather asked me.

"No, I don't."

Heather's face was stricken with a moment of disbelief. I grabbed my chest and gasped for air. I realized that I had suddenly forgotten how to breathe.

"What am I going to do!" I shouted. "I know, I'll just ditch my fourth period class until the pot wears off, but who knows how long that will take! It could take hours and it only takes three minutes to suffer severe brain damage once your oxygen supply has been cut!"

I frantically got out of the car and began to run through the parking lot: the same parking lot where Heather Kelley fought Stacy Miller last year. Stacy said that Stoners were cool but Surfers ruled. Heather called Stacy a bitch and began to pull her hair. Stacy then scratched Heather's face and ripped off her unicorn necklace with the pink puka shells.

I continued to run. I could still hear the car stereo.

"...and as we wind on down the road..."

The summer hadn't changed a thing. The smog and heat had kept the die-hard Stoners intact. VAN HALEN had just released a new record. They were pissing all over themselves for it.

I had made it back to school, and decided to go to what was left of my fifth period class. That was when I noticed something over by the wood shop building. Ron Spelo, Cari Spelo's brother, had some kind of haircut. It was sticking straight up in the air. How did he get it to stick up like that?

I entered my fifth-period class still thinking about Cari Spelo's brother's hair.

"Nice of you to join us, Miss Duran."

I took my seat, looked down at my desk and saw that one of the Stoners had carved, "ROBERT PLANT IS A BABE!" on top of it. That was the last thing I remembered: I had finally stopped breathing and fell from my chair and onto the floor. I was out cold.

Two weeks later I walked into the library and there he was, hair still the same as the last time I had seen him, sticking straight up in the air. I sat down next to him. I needed to know.

"Hey, Ron, how's it going?"

Ron smiled. "Pretty good."

"How did you get your hair to stick up like that?" I asked.

"Egg whites and corn starch."

"Wow!" I was amazed.

"Yeah," he continued, "I joined this band, they said if I didn't wear my hair like this they would kick me out."

"Band? You're in a band?"

"Yeah, with these two brothers. I play the drums."

"Wow!" I was even more amazed. "What's the name of your band?"

"DEAD CROSS. We're punk rock. We've got this song about a girl with really big boobs. It's on a record with a bunch of other punk bands."

"You mean you have a record!"

"Yeah," Ron said proudly.

I couldn't believe it. Ron Spelo, Cari Spelo's brother actually had a band and a record too!

I made it a point to investigate, so I stopped into the Licorice Pizza after school. I couldn't find this punk rock record that Cari Spelo's brother spoke of. However, I did find a RUNAWAYS LP. I stood there for a while and stared at the cover.

Who were these girls? Were they actually runaways? Should I contact their parents and notify them that I had located their long lost daughters at the Licorice Pizza? I wasn't sure.

My brother had bought a guitar, a Les Paul copy. Four months later he realized that he didn't know how to play, so he decided to sell it. Word got around, and one of the jocks, John Codello, wanted to take a look at it. John called me up.

"Hi," he said, "I hear your brother's got a Les Paul for sale."

"Yeah, why don't you come over and take a look at it."

John arrived.

"Do you know how to play?" I asked him.

"Sure," He picked up the Les Paul copy and started playing some licks.

"OK, I'll take it," he said, "Ron Spelo told me that you wanted to start a band."

"Yeah! I do," I said.

"Well, I got this friend, he plays the drums... you wanna come and jam with us?"

"Sure!" I answered enthusiastically.

"Good. I'll give you a call."

John came by a week later, put me on the handlebars of his Schwinn Strand Cruiser and rode me to Rubert Hayler's house. John and I knocked at Rubert's front door. His sister answered; she was wearing a leotard and began jumping around the living room: some strange interpretation of "Swan Lake."

"Ah," I thought to myself. "a family dedicated to the arts." John interrupted her dancing.

"Stacy, hey, Stacy where's your brother?"

Stacy stopped dancing, turned around and faced us. That was when I realized that her eyes were crossed.

"He's in the garage." she said.

John and I walked into the kitchen and out through the laundry room into the garage, where Rubert was sitting behind a drum set made up of four or five different colors.

"Hey Rubert, this is the girl that I told you about."

As I approached Rubert, I realized that his eyes were also crossed.

"Hm," I thought, "must be a genetic thing."

Rubert handed me a bass guitar.

"Can you play this?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"No problem, we'll teach you."

I put the heavy instrument over my shoulders. The strings were dead and there were no volume knobs. Rubert then picked up a cord and plugged the bass into an amp.

"Hit the A-string," he said to me.

"A-string? What's an A-string?"

"That string right there."

He pointed to the second fattest of the four strings. John put on the Les Paul copy and plugged into an amp as well. Rubert then went over to the multicolored drum set and sat down.

"Now you just keep hitting the A-string," he said to me.

Rubert held his drumsticks up in the air and clicked them together three times.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" He shouted.

"That must be my cue!" I panicked. "The A-string, the A-string, keep hitting the A-string," I thought.

But suddenly, then, I realized, once John started singing:

"Been a long time since I rock n' rolled... Been a long time since I did the stroll..."

It was my rival Robert Plant!

"Oh shit," I think to myself. "I'm contributing to the die-hard stoner's sick twisted musical preferences."

"...Carry me back... Carry me back... Carry me back...," John continued.

I kept hitting the A-string.

"...been a long time... been a long time ... been a long lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely time."

"Well, there isn't much to this bass guitar anyway, if all I have to do is hit the A-string." But I was slightly disillusioned with my new band.

"Do you guys know any other songs?" I asked.

"Hell, yeah," said John. "One, two, three, four!"

I supposed that I was to keep hitting the A-string, so I did.

".... Cat scratch fever! ... Cat scratch fever! ..."

After John finished singing "Hotel California" I decided to try and talk to him.

"I'll tell you guys what. I'll keep hitting the A-string for you, but how 'bout we write some of our own songs?"

John looked at Rubert. Rubert looked at John (in his own crazy way).

"Sure, why not?"

There was still hope for them yet.

We never managed to come up with a name for our band. We had three practices in Rubert's garage, then Rubert's family moved to Upland. John and I thought that maybe, if we found another drummer, we could keep it together. We didn't have much luck, but still the search continued.

In the mean time, the Licorice Pizza had gotten some new album covers for me to look at: "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables." I began to inspect the back cover when some guy said to me, "Hey, I know you." I looked up at him.

"Who, me?"

"Yeah, aren't you the girl who played with John Codello in Rubert Hayler's garage?"

"Yeah, I am." I still couldn't place the face. Who was he?

"I got a band of my own I just started up. You wanna come check us out?"

"Right now?"

"Yeah!"

I thought about it for a minute. "Sure, why not?"

Donald was his name and he was the singer of a band. That was about all I knew.

We ended up at another garage. When we entered there were three guys who had all dyed their hair black and then gotten mohawks; all except one who had a kind of Elvis look about him. His name was Charley.

"Hey, Charley used to be in ANARCHY."

"That's cool," I said.

I took a seat and watched them set up.

"One, two, three, four!" Donald began. *"... fuck society... fucking anarchy... I fucking hate you all... I hope you all fall!"* Donald sang with a vengeance. He looked really pissed. I began to suspect that I just might have to bolt on out of there for fear some violence might break out when suddenly, some girl came into the garage and said that Donald had a phone call. Donald came back and said that his girlfriend was mad and he had to leave. I was then left with the two guys with mohawks and the Elvis dude. Elvis asked me if I needed a ride home. I did so we left. He drove for a while in silence. He looked really bummed that his practice had been called off: as though he were only happy when he was playing the guitar. He had probably emerged from his mother's womb that way: sideburns, black pompadour. Born to rock.

He spoke.

"Do you wanna go to the Cafe Grande?"

"What's that?"

"You know, that place on Argyle across from the Capitol Records building. SAFFRON TRUST is playing."

"I guess so." Did I have a choice?

We pulled up in front of the Cafe Grande. The parking lot was packed: mostly people hanging out, looking for change, breaking Budweiser bottles, Liberty spikes at a three to four ratio. One of them shouted, "Hey, there's Exene!" Everybody looked around. Of course Exene was nowhere to be found. She was probably at home with John Doe getting a tattoo.

Elvis led the way. More Liberty spikes inside. We descended into a basement-type setting where a fat man approached me.

"Women suck. You're bitches and you bleed from your snatches!"

He then put a beer bottle in his mouth and tilted his head back, clinched the neck of the bottle between his teeth while it gurgled like some sinister Sparkletts water cooler.

"That's El Pooche," Elvis told me, "Don't listen to him."

I was doing my best at avoiding El Pooche. Elvis still looked pretty bummed out; at this point I felt that he had every reason to be. They all looked bummed out. I was standing in the midst of a vast network of bummed out Liberty spikes. All of them, born to rock.

A tall bald guy carried his bass onto what the Cafe Grande called a stage. Another guy holding a guitar followed behind. The bass started in, then the guitar. Mac Blewer stepped in front of the mic. He was wearing green polyester bell bottoms and a silver rayon shirt. The cuffs of the shirt remained unbuttoned and hung from his wrist like some regal apparel. He opened a book, a black hardcover. He began to read.

"... I am Noah, son of Kerson... I am Abre son of Jonah... What would you have done?"

Mac Blewer then suddenly threw the book down while ripping out the pages.

"A genius." I thought. "A brilliant genius who wears polyester and rayon."

Mac Blewer continued singing. His voice sounded like a twelve-year-old girl's; a really fucked up twelve-year-old girl. We stood there and watched the genius. Elvis barely moved; still bummed out. The rest of them, however, had snapped out of it and started a slam pit.

"Hey, Charley, how's it going?"

"Hey, Bob!"

A happy reunion no doubt. Elvis almost looked slightly elated for a fleeting moment. He introduced us.

"Nancy, this is Bob McCormick. He's the drummer of the Alley Dogs."

"That's cool," I said with one eye still on the genius.

Bob McCormick stood by looking polite.

"So are you still playing with Anarchy, Charley?" The spark in Elvis' eye quickly faded. Bummed again. Back to normal.

"No, we broke up. Jerry's doing heroin."

"That's too bad," Bob replied.

Saffron Trust continued to play: polyester and rayon in all directions. Mac Blewer had made a believer out of me. A believer in what was the question. Rock n' Roll?

That very next day I was making a left hand turn at an intersection at 24.4 mph, although the impact velocity was low, the oncoming car acquired a resultant peak acceleration. Forward motion did not begin until 0.060 seconds from contact when maximum deformation of the car had been accomplished. I then hit and dented the roof at 0.140

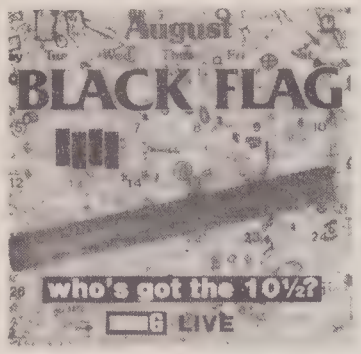
seconds and maximum forward movement at 0.200 seconds after impact. The car was totaled and I was instructed to take some time off from school.

There I sat two weeks after the accident. The doctor's instructions were beginning to become a tedious activity: stay in bed, take mass quantities of medication: ten milligrams Valium, 65 milligrams Darvon compound, one Percodan every two hours. They were rather large doses for my relatively minor crash injuries. I get a phone call. It's Bob McCormick from the Alley Dogs.

"It's Bob McCormick from the ALLEY DOGS. Charley from Anarchy told me that you were in an accident," he said.

"Very nice of him to call," I thought incoherently.

"The Alley Dogs might be looking for a singer. Charley told me you sing."



"Yeah, I guess I sing. I haven't in a while," not since Rubert's genetically weakly linked family had moved to Upland.

"Why don't you come to the Alley Dogs next practice."

Had I had finals, had I had homework, had I not been sitting around on downers for the past two weeks, I might have said "no", but instead, due to my condition, I said, "OK."

Bob picked me up. I had smuggled out the bottle of Darvon. I decided to try and unload them on the Alley Dogs. We drove toward Harbor City. Bob pulled up and parked in front of a TV repair shop.

"Is this where you practice?" I asked.

"Yeah, the guitar player and bass player live here."

Bob gave the secret knock as a very Martin Sheen-looking guy answered the door. I followed him into the practice room; carpeting on the ceiling and walls. The equipment was a far cry from my Ron Codello days. An Asian girl stood by the bass amp.

"This is Dora, she's the bass player."

She seemed pleasant enough. I handed her the bottle of Darvon and explained that I didn't need them, that I had a surplus of medication at home. Martin Sheen and Dora were grateful. Martin cracked opened the orange and grey capsules and began chopping the white powder up with a razor blade. He made four parallel lines, four little highways, four little chopsticks. He took a straw, and sniffed.

"Hum?" he said. He then handed it to Dora. Her reaction was similar to his; "Hu?" she said. They then handed it to me. I figured that I had been on several thousand milligrams of barbiturates and narcotics for the past two weeks, one line would really make next to no difference. I took the straw, inserted it into my nose and inhaled. I then screamed. Martin, Dora, and Bob all looked at me with concerned expressions. My nostril had been set to flames, my nostril hairs had surely been singed off.

"Are you sure you're supposed to snort this?" I asked in pain.

"Are you all right?" Dora asked.

"I'm fine." I said as blood began to spurt out of my right nostril.

The Alley Dogs began to play. I continued to blow my nose. My nostril was sill in flames but the bleeding had subsided.

"Do you want to sing?" Martin Sheen asked in an "Apocalypse Now" narrative tone of voice, (... *It was real choice mission and when it was over I'd never want another...*)

"Well, OK, sure," I said while holding my nose.

"What do you wanna sing?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Do you know any CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL?" He asked.

"Creedence Clearwater Revival?"

"How about the ROLLING STONES?"

"Sure, OK, 'Under My Thumb'."

Bob clicked his drumsticks together much like Rubert Hayler once did.

After I finished singing I sat back and carefully monitored the recovery of my nostril as the Alley Dogs finished their set.

I assumed that the Alley Dogs had decided not to use me as their new singer. It had been a couple of weeks since I went to their practice when I finally got another call from Bob.

"Hey, you sing pretty good," he said.

"Thanks," Actually, I didn't see how he could tell what I sang like. My rendition of "Under My Thumb" was pretty shaky; I only knew one verse and repeated it over and over. Not too impressive. Nevertheless, Bob felt it was. He told me that he worked at a gas station with a speedmetal guitar player and they wanted to start a band.

"Speedmetal?" I asked.

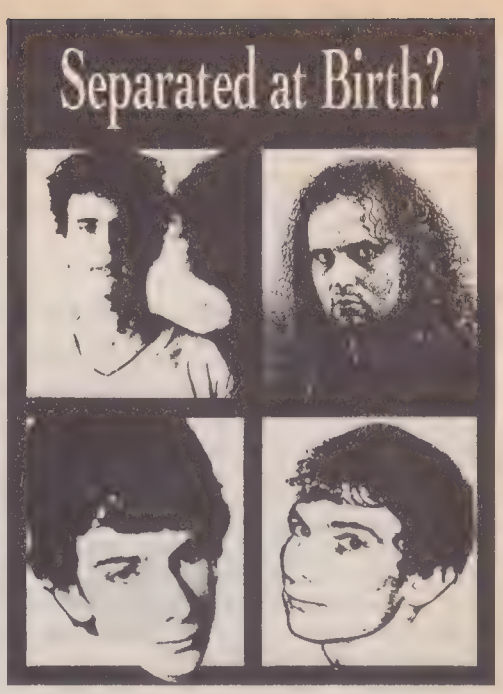
"Well, It wouldn't be a speedmetal band, he likes punk rock too, you know GBH, that sort of thing."

I showed up at Bob's house that following day. I had written some lyrics on a piece of paper and showed them to him. By now my most significant role model was Exene and everything I wrote sounded like a song that X had written then decided not to do because it was too shitty.

We awaited the gas station attendant/guitar player's arrival. There was a knock at the door.

"That must be Derick," Bob said. Sure enough, it was Derick.

"Hey dude!" Derick gave Bob the high five. He had a British Flag tied around his head and a tattoo on his arm of Satan engaged in a sacrificial cer-



emony with the numbers "666" right above it. Derick kicked back then proceeded to discuss the differences between punk rock and speedmetal and continued to do so for two hours, never once coming up for air.

"...You see, the skinheads are hardcore... and the headbangers are fucking hardcore... the music is basically the same if you think about it... they're all saying the same thing, fuck society..." Bob nodded a lot seemingly agreeing with Derick's verbal report. I was afraid to speak and could really care less about the differences and similarities between hardcore and speedmetal but I listened in spite of this.

Derick had already killed two six packs when suddenly, silence had magically befallen us. Derick was out of wind. Bob looked at me and said,

"Well, what do you think?" Was he talking to me?

"Think about what?" I asked. What could possibly be left to think? Derick had just about covered every nook and cranny of the relation between hardcore and speedmetal. I was at a loss for words. Derick then leaped up out of his chair.

"So dude, let's jam!" Derick strapped on his Ibanez.

"Hey," Derick said, "We don't have a bass player." He looked at me.

"Do you play?"

"Well," I thought, "As a matter of fact I do. I was assigned to the bass once again.

"FUCKIN-'A LETS ROCK!" Derick shouted.

I was expected to play the other three strings as well as the A. For some reason those other three strings had never occurred to me until then.

I continued to play with Derick and Bob for several months. Our first song was called "Harbor City":

She had to leave
Harbor City

She grew tired of the Nazi Cops
and the Hx13 gangs

and She was in a band with
Anton La Vey

She had to get out
get out
get out
get out

Bob was still playing with the Alley Dogs. They had a gig at the Anarchy Club and Derick and I went to go see them. The crowd at the Anarchy Club was similar to that of the Cafe Grande's, with this in mind I kept a close eye out for El Pooche. That was when I saw the powder blue polyester leisure suit standing in the midst of the crowd. It was Mac Blewer from Saffron Trust! I hadn't seen him for some time. He had been on tour for the past three months with the Slaughterhouse Puppets. I walked over to where he stood just so I could get a closer look. As I approached him I saw that he was talking to Bob. I couldn't believe that Bob actually knew the great prolific genius Mac Blewer!

"Should I say something to him?" I thought. I walked up to Bob and Mac cautiously, afraid that my presence was not enough to accommodate such genius which stood before me. Bob introduced us.

"Saffron Trust is my favorite band!" I said. Mac gave me a cold cynical stare.

"Good, then buy our record," he then said .

"I didn't know you knew Mac Blewer!" I said to Bob.

"Yeah, he only lives two blocks away from me." Not only did he know him, they were neighbors.

Since they were neighbors, I took it upon myself to invite Mac to hang around at Bob's house whenever we practiced. I suppose he did for lack of something more interesting. He would bring me original Saffron Trust lyrics written in some strange scrawl and tell me stories about Darby Crash and Jim Morrison. I used to tell him that he was a better lyricist than both Darby Crash and Jim Morrison. Mac, of course, never argued the fact.

Bob, Derick and I had written enough songs to start thinking about playing a gig. However, we couldn't think of a name for our band. I wanted to call it INFRA-WHITE NOISE, Bob wanted to call it LEXINGTON UNDERGROUND and Derick just wanted to call it something representative of a merge between speedmetal and punk rock: his ultimate dream. What I never understood is that out of three basically lame names to choose from, why we ultimately decided on an even lamer name for our band: EIGHT BALL. It was official, Eight Ball was now a band and we were looking for some gigs. No one seemed to want to give us one so it really made perfect sense to pull some big connections. Our first gig was with Saffron Trust. The twenty people there to see Saffron Trust were obviously not there to see us. Only two people stood by the stage (one of them was Mac) as we carried our instruments to their designated areas. I suppose after all that Saffron Trust loyalty I had bestowed upon him, the least Mac could do was stand by me in my moment of defeat. I carried my bass to the microphone and went to do a sound check, I then received a 120 volt electrical shock on my mouth. Things were off to a bad start. It was about this time that I realized that I had not only suddenly forgotten all of the basslines that I had been practicing for the past year but all of the shitty X lyrics as well: my mind drew a blank. As Bob clicked his drum sticks, "... One, two, three, four...", my first instinct was to hit the A-string. So that's exactly what I did, then, halfway through the set, it all started coming back to me. At this time there was only one person remaining in the audience: Mac.

When we were finished with our set Mac shouted, "More! More! Encore!" However, the club owner had cut the electricity to the stage and we were forced to remove ourselves.

Eight Ball continued practicing at Bob McCormick's house. Mac would show up off and on, sometimes with various members of his entourage. One of his oldest and dearest friends, Joe, a 90 pound Japanese guy, would accompany him regularly. The first time Mac brought him by he walked directly up to Bob and said, "What are you, some kind of bastard?" He then stepped back and sized Bob up from a distance, "Yeah, you are. You're some kind of bastard!" Joe had no apparent motive for this assumption. On another occasion he drank an entire bottle of Boon's Farm wine, passed out on Bob's floor, then, as if dreaming of some aberrant fountain, he arose and urinated on Bob's stereo. Bob continued to take this abuse being the good sport that he was. Another of Mac's friends, Brian, would announce his arrival by greeting everyone with names he had made up for them.

"Hey, it's Mac," he would say, "Mac with the big ball sack."

That day I was expecting Mac and Joe. When Mac arrived he was alone and in a panic.

"My new record just came in! I need a ride to STP to pick them up. Can you take me?" Still loyal to Mac's cause, I agreed. I drove him to an old automotive building. I parked my car. Suddenly, Mac then became very serious. He took my hand.

"Now listen. When we go inside, I want you to do one thing for me." By now I was very concerned. I had never seen Mac look quite so serious before.

"Yes, Mac, anything. What's wrong?" Mac swallowed hard.

"There's a guy in there. I want you to keep away from him. His name is BUGGER!"

"OK, Mac, I will."

"Who is this Bugger?" I thought.

My question was quickly answered as Mac and I entered through the STP Records door.

"Mac Blewer! Hey, everyone, It's Mac Blewer, the ROCK STAR! Hey, Mac, how bout' some butt licks? How bout' a blow job? Come on, Mac, STICK IT UP MY BUTT!" That was evidently Bugger.

"Hey, Mac, who's your friend? Some art groupie?" Mac reluctantly introduced us.

"Can you type?" Bugger asked me.

"Why yes, as a matter of fact I can."

"Do you want a job?"

"Sure." I had instantaneously been employed at STP. I could see by the look on Mac's face he was mortified that his advice had not been taken.

Eight Ball had somehow managed to get another gig. However, this time we weren't doing a gig with anyone as infamous as Saffron Trust, this time we were doing a gig with someone I had never heard of. When we arrived that evening with our equipment, it was apparent that nobody else had ever heard of them, or us, either: the place was deserted. We got up on the stage and plugged in our equipment. There was one bearded man in the audience; he looked thoroughly amused and must have felt the way a medieval king would feel when given a private performance by his court jester. I carried my bass to the mic and once again received my initial 120 volt electrical shock. It had never occurred to me to flip the grounding switch on my amp. After every song we played the bearded man clapped and cheered. I was grateful.

"You guys rock!" he said after we finished our set. For some reason I didn't believe him. I knew then and there that something had to be done. I looked at Bob and Derick defeated, determined to go down with the ship and said, "What do you guys say instead of practicing once a month, we try practicing maybe once a week." Derick looked a little confused, "You mean practice more than we already do?"

"Yeah," I said. Derick looked at Bob.

"Well, I still have to practice with the Alley Dogs once every two months." Bob looked as though he were trying to juggle his schedule around in his head.

I was instructed to be at STP Records that following week where I would begin my employment there. Mac seemed very concerned. He kept on saying something about cock rings and butt licks. I arrived at STP at nine A.M. I took a seat in front of one of the three computer terminals; the one placed directly below a "Who's got the 11 1/4?" poster. I then asked Bugger what exactly it was that I was supposed to be typing. He then handed me a huge box full of tiny scraps of paper. Each tiny scrap of paper had a name and address on it.

"You're going to be typing our mailing list into the computer," Bugger said. His eyes were delirious. He made it sound as though I were going to be doing something of great importance; as though I had better not screw it up.

"OK," I said, thinking that I maybe should have listened to Mac. I began picking the tiny scraps of paper out of the box one by one.

"After you're done with that box, there are fifteen more just like it," Bugger said in the same delirious, neo-Nazi tone of voice.

"Yes sir! Very good sir!" (I wanted to say, "Heil Hitler!" I wanted to jump up and give him a salute.) "No problem," I said trembling.

The inputting of the STP mailing list ultimately took exactly six months. In the course of those six months, every time I entered a name and address, I would try to envision the face of the demented youth who wrote it down, I would try to envision the house in which he lived, and try to think of what he might be doing at that very moment while I was enslaved there, entering his name into the STP computer, under the wrath of the neo-fascist dictator who called himself Bugger.

Various STP recording artists would occasionally saunter through. Every time this occurred Bugger would leap out of his chair and shout, "HEY LOOK EVERYONE, IT'S THE ROCK STAR! HOW BOUT' SOME BUTT LICKS, HOW BOUT' A BLOW JOB? COME ON, STICK IT UP MY BUTT!!!" ■

 THAT'S THE PENALTY WE HAVE TO PAY FOR OUR ACTS OF FOOLISHNESS—SOMEONE ELSE ALWAYS HAS TO SUFFER FOR THEM. –ALFRED SUTRO

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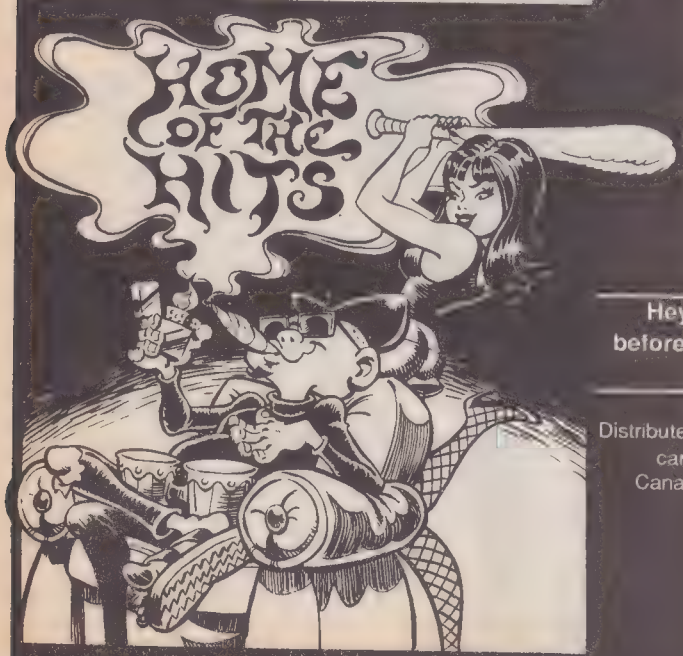

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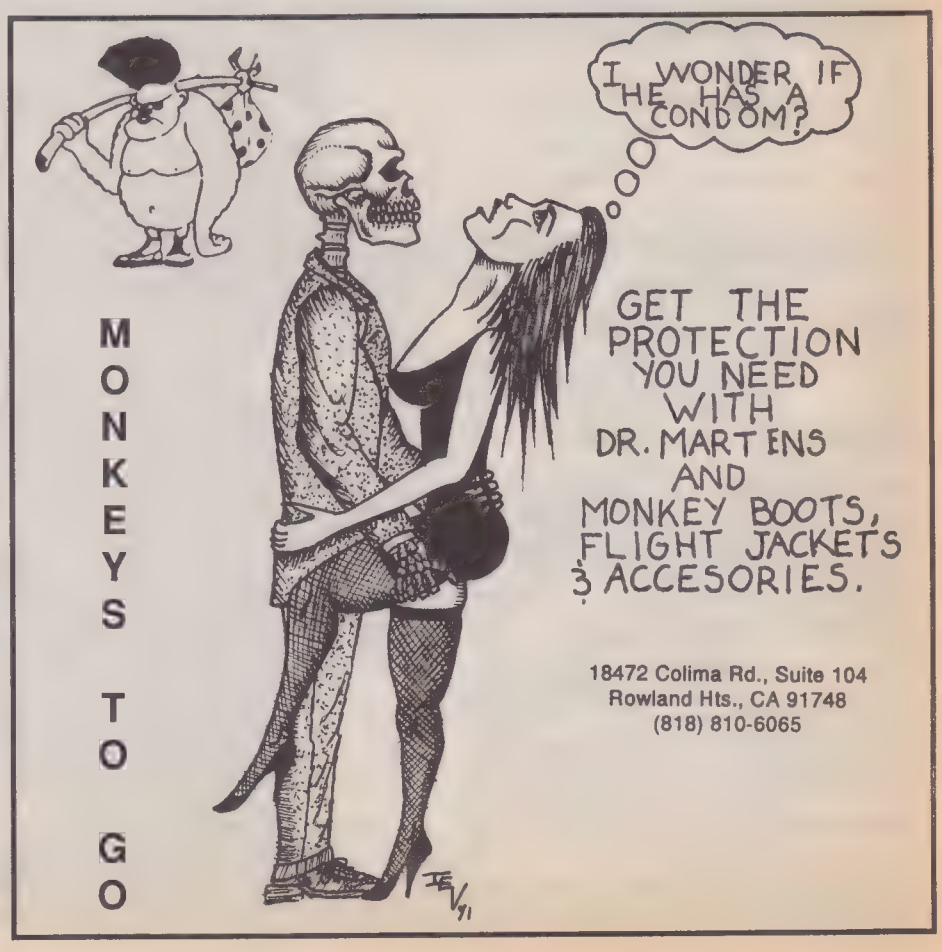
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BEN IS DEAD PRESENTS
THE MAGAZINE REVIEWS

THE ALTERED MIND, No. 9, 24 pgs, $1.50 ($8/six)
This issue is a little less flowery in both presentation and content, and, since I found the ornate production values the defining quality of their last issue, I was a little disappointed by this one. Certainly, though, a new strength has emerged in the interview section, which is extremely well prepared. This issue of *AM* covers some independent thought, with Bruce Licher of Independent Project Records and Sam Rosenthal of Projekt, as well as Wckr Spgt of the Shrimper label. Whether the fact that nearly everything they review is from one of these three labels is an intentional sidebar, or what, I don't know, but it does open up a question of whether all the laudatory ink might not be in need of a little critical distance... Another extraordinary effort from a magazine that still believes in tilting at windmills. –Mikki (PO Box 1083, Claremont, CA 91711)

ANARCHY (A JOURNAL OF DESIRE ARMED), NO. 29, $2.50
As always, a densely readable set of texts from this long running magazine. This issue includes an essay by Bob Black, which is an historical analysis of recuperation, connecting punk rock to Situationism in a lithe bit of writing that puts Greil Marcus to shame; actually, there's an entire section on the Situationists, a dadesque group of artist anarchists whose conception of a "Society of the Spectacle" has particular resonance in the afterburn of the Gulf War. There's also an ongoing series exploring the technologies of exchange and gift (which connect to oppressive techno-networks of debt, sacrifice, alienation, and class mediation), and both an exploration of the Mideast Peace Process and an interview with staid analyst Noam Chomsky. Though *Anarchy* is conceptually rigorous throughout, there are a few odd spots—can anything, indeed, be *essentially* anarchist (p. 14)? They criticize both Marxism, and, somewhat obliquely, Postmodernism for their totalizing gestures, but they fail to critique the totalizing gesture itself, with all its implications. One wonders if there is an acceptable totality, though I suspect the radical subjectivity *Anarchy* offers, with its investment in desire will lead to the crumbling of such values. Worth any and every read. (Plus, they picked BID in the review section!) –Mikki (c/o Cal, P.O. Box 1446, Columbia, MO 65205)

ASSAULT (WITH INTENT TO FREE), No. 9, 48 pgs, $1.50
A magazine which skitters from profound, readable pieces on the environment of war and the imperialist aspects of the International Monetary Fund to a lengthy interview with Troll of *Profane Existence* (great if you already know who he is and are interested, but it gave no real incentive to those unfamiliar with the issues or individuals discussed to read it). There's also a very basic Environmental Primer, a Trusty interview, and, of course, music and print reviews. Throughout, excellent photography and clarity of thought give a substantive feel to this excellent, though small, magazine. –Mikki (PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

BACKOFF No 4, 20 pgs, free in SoCal, send stamps otherwise
This is it, the magazine "of, for, and by degenerates", and my what a sacred piece of trash it is. It's full of politically incorrect comics, stories, columns, and personal ads! Special features this issue: Dirty Tricks and Revenge, the motherfuckers beat us to it. –Evan (Xeno-Vision Productions, Box 109, Gardena, CA 90243)

BUZZ, Vol 2, No. 1 (Feb/Mar 1991), 96 pgs, $2.50
There's not much here to distinguish BUZZ from other glossy trendzines catering to the high end of the Los Angeles market. I found myself admiring the courage of the editorial staff as they push the boundaries of their genre to the extreme—as though the extraordinary banality of their enterprise wasn't evident at the start. The magazine is largely composed of columns and short items (nothing over 300 words or so, except the cover "feature" on Sting), each laid out in exactly the same format, so that the the congruence between the hackneyed writing and the sameness of the visual aspects of the magazine takes on a resonance that is ultimately more important than any actual content you might find in the texts. In addition to the cliched subject matter, those writers who are not current, former, or aspiring screenwriters are a rogue's gallery of those tired essayists who have been boring us and our parents for years: Sam Hall Kaplan, Kenneth Turan, even George Christy. The final result is a sort of yuppie Utne Reader culled from the *LA Times*, *The Hollywood Reporter*, and the waiting rooms of various Hollywood agents, geared to those who like the buzzwords but don't appreciate the production values of, say, *Details*, or even *Interview*... –Mikki (PO Box 56797, Boulder, CO 80322-6797)

CHAOS COMIX No. 20, 20pgs, 25¢
All comic 'zine with some pretty funny stuff in it. Sometimes they get way too sexist for some liberal's mind, but I totally dig their section on how to behave like a real punk. Why did they put some old drawings by Shawn Kerri on the last page? They should stick to their own stuff...it's not this bad. –Daniel (Upper 348 Beckley St., Victoria, B.C., Canada V8V-1J5)

DEAR JESUS, #38, 4pgs, $2
Though it says issue #38 on the cover, this is actually only the second issue of *Dear Jesus*, as its creator, Sam McPheeters, lead singer of the band Born Against and column writer for the mag *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll*, previously published another 'zine and didn't want to start all over at #1 – I wouldn't either. There is a local (not locals only) feel. Better than average but it doesn't hit many raw nerves. I don't know, my dad used to tell me that *Ben Is Dead* wasn't funny enough. I didn't understand why he thought that... and I don't think Sam would understand either. Appealing cover (unfortunately a rarity for fanzines) and some interesting pieces. Of course you must note their steps in developing some needed additions to the slang dictionary with new words such as "there're" and "what're"... very enterprising. If this were issue #1 or #2 I'd probably say it was a good effort. –Darby (P.O. Box 1145, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

EAR OF CORN, No. 20, 16pgs, 2 29¢ stamps
I like the drawing on the cover a lot. That's about the only thing, since, although it has features on Earwigs, the very pleasant neighbor, Pootly Nautch, and Illuminatus, it really

doesn't create any interest in my mind to find out more about some of these bands. And of course it contains two pages of 'zine reviews, two pages of sometimes interesting record reviews, but there's really nothing special about it. Darby Crash on the back cover. So what? –Daniel (PO Box 2143, Stow, Ohio 44224)

FLIPSIDE, #74, many, $2
Okay, it's me Darby on the phone here callin' my bud Kerin, like yeah!!! Hey, Kerin, let's get high while we do our Flipside review together, okay?!! Kerin: Okay. Hey, you know, there are a fuckin' shitload of HOT reviews for almost every band's press kit! Darby: Yeah, like how about this review of that band DICK TIT by this dude and this other dude (who's actually in the band): "This band is fucking cool. I think that of all the bands in L.A., they're one of the many bands in L.A." Kerin: SO informative! Darby: Right. Hey, Kerin, see Spot run!!! AAAHHHH!!! Kerin: Yeah man, see Jane walk! Darby: COOOOL!! It's so easy to read this magazine. Kerin: Oh, Darby, you yuppie, stop being SO liberal and say what you really think. Darby: Duh, what? Let's just finish this up so we can go meet at Java and talk about the ozone layer. Kerin: WHEEEEE!!! (PO Box 60790, Pása-punka-déna, CA 91116)

GENETIC DISORDER, No. 5, 28pgs, free-send 2 ¢29 stamps
A rather tepid offering from San Diego with a useful section of club reviews, except that the piece didn't give booking agents or the type of bands who play, just a general discussion of the crowd, dress code, and atmosphere. The interviews (with Warlock Pinchers, Bad Religion, Econochrist, and The Offspring) are sprightly, more due to interesting subjects than to any sort of preparedness or good questions on the part of the interviewer. All in all, it succeeds by not being bad, and not by being any good—kind of like San Diego in

general. –Mikki (c/o Larry Harmon, 1650 Smoketree Dr., El Centro, CA 92243)

JERSEY BEAT, No. 43, 64pgs, $2
Jim Testa and his wacky crew put out another cool issue; lotsa reviews and interviews with Bewitched, Junk Monkeys, Deviators, Dendrite, Butt Ugly, some Butthole Surfers and a pretty weird 'very punk' scene report from Israel. I wonder whether anyone is interested in the 'hard rock' section. –Daniel (418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087)

LAY SCREAMING, No. 2, 24pgs, $ 0 + 2 IRS coupons
German 'zine sadly written in German; interviews with Jesus Lizard, Steel Pole Bath Tub, Devil Dogs, Urge Overkill and only a couple of reviews, probably due to the lack of money. Cool poetry by David Yow on the back cover. I wish this had been written in English. –Daniel (D.Roehnert, 52 Gaertnerweg, D-6000 Frankfurt, Germany) *(We know this is your own magazine Daniel)*

LIL RHINO GAZETTE, No. 18, Summer 1991, 52pgs, $2.00
A brilliant little offering from Dallas, the *Gazette* has an omnivorous review and interview policy: major label darlings like the Hollowmen or REM might pop up next to some of the more avant garde LA phenomena (Ethyl Meatplow or Geko). The eclectic reviewers, themselves, can make things a bit confusing, as their pieces are divided into separate sections (apparently because they all live in different cities?), so a straight read is denied to those of you with a linear fixation. However, this is a minor point, and the really valuable print review section, as well as some local notes, an interview with John Crawford (of the Baboon Dooley cartoon), and an overall personal, accessible feel, make the *LRG* one of the warmest experiences you're likely to have. –Mikki (PO Box 14139, Arlington, TX 76094)

NO IDEA No. 8, 80pgs, $3.00 S
Well, my first thought while browsing thru this was "How old is this issue?", judging from the records reviewed. Anyway, *No Idea* has everything you might expect to find in a zine: A free record featuring Bim Skala Bim and Stabilizer, well, not my cup of coffee, but maybe yours, and interviews with Green Day (yeah!great!primal!uuuuu!), Babes in Toyland, 24-7 Spyz, and more and more and you can actually pull the review section out if you don't need any record reviews cause you know all records on this planet.There are some comics in here as well, good photos, yeah, really really cool. –Daniel Lay Screaming (PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

THE NOISE, Vol. 1, No. 15 (August 1991), 31pgs, free
I decided to check out this teenzine when the editor called up me and Darby, asking us to do a Halloween feature. "Nothing subversive", he warned. But there certainly is a subversive quality to this child of *LA Parent*, which is distributed free in high school campuses and has an extensive staff of teen correspondents. There's an interview with NWA, of all people, and often the questions and analyses are more confrontational than some of the "alternative" publications around. The clippings section even has information on teen parenting. Also included is a fashion section (shamefully like one which we had planned for BID!!) with a sense of humor, and a treatise on mods, past and present. Cruise a playground and check it out. –Mikki

POINT OF INTEREST No. 2, 20pgs., $1.50
Unfortunately this 'zine suffers from a bad choice in typefaces and although I was mildly interested in the editorials and Aaron Cometbus interview I just couldn't get much past the credits page – throbbing skull. Now I know I shouldn't be one to talk – I myself have tortured scores of people with my use of 7 point type – but I don't have to read my own 'zine. From what I've gathered they focus on the punk scene, including reviews and interviews, and lots of honest, personal commentary... and besides the type it's got a nice clean computerized layout. Helpful hint: I think we've all had just about enough of Paul Weinman and his White Boy "Comics". –Darby (c/o Jay, P.O. Box 19416, Seattle, WA 98109)

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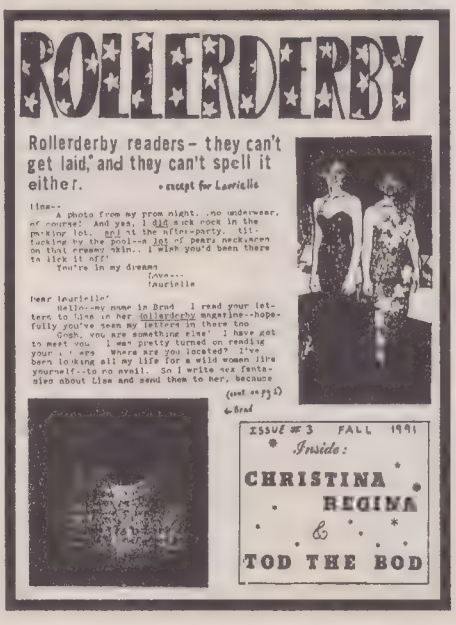
RHETORIC No. 1, 28pgs, $1
The first issue of this Milwaukee 'zine looks good to me! A very personal outlook by the editor Brad on movies, records, shows, whatever... it has an interview with Hole in it, and most of the stuff is handwritten, a much nicer way of writing than to sit in front of a computer. Well done Brad! –Daniel (461 Rivermoor Drive, Waterford, WI 53185)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Rollerderby readers – they can't get laid, and they can't spell it either.
• except for Lourielle
ISSUE # 3 FALL 1991
Inside:
CHRISTINA REGINA & TOD THE BOD

ROLLERDERBY No. 3, 20pgs, $2.50
A sexy zine by Miss Lisa Suckdog herself. What you get is a lot of letters usually describing some sexual stuff, two interviews; one with the lovely Christina Regina (Bos Hog), the other with Todd of Cop Shoot Cop, some funny comics, some reviews, some more insights into Lisa's life, and a really good piece of fiction called "The Tenant". –Evan (Box 1491, Dover, NH 03820)

SCAM, No. 1, 60 pgs, Free (for punks), send postage
Something really strange happened. Sheila Harrigan – who is runing for re-election for Fort Lauderdale's City Commission – sent us this free Scam Magazine (*bulk mail)* along with her election propaganda. Nice lady – she's obviously very community oriented. Thanks to Sheila I now have in my possession a copy of ONE OF THE BEST MAGAZINES AROUND. This isn't about "get rich quick" schemes, but it has a number of helpful "survival in the big city" tips for the poor or cheap or bored – a somewhat similar though sloppier and funnier version of BID's own "Broke" issue. If you're a fan of Cometbus, you're gonna be a fan of this. Go soak some used stamps in some rubbing alcohol and send them to Scam A.S.A.P. Otherwise take a chance that yours will be delivered succesfully care of Sheila Harrigan. –Darby (425 NE 4th Ave #8, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301) *I can't wait to steal all this information for our upcoming Broke Book.*

SUBSTITUTION, No. 2, 36pgs, $1 + 2 stamps
Without a doubt one of the more thoughtful and focused publications around; even though this is only issue two, nearly everyone I know is talking about it (of course, nearly everyone I know is *in* it). *Substitution* editors Sam and Anji write about, interview and review bands like Babyland, Pressurehed, Fourway Cross, Consolidated, and Distorted Pony, as well as talking to those involved in the scene in other ways (ie DJ's Damion and Michael B of Psychotechnics). The strength of these sections is in the obvious commitment and interpretive ability of the editors, who are insightful without being sycophantic. Also included are some intensely personal essays and thoughtbytes from Sam, and a call to arms from Anji for everyone to get off their butts and contribute. I understand *Substitution* I had a tape, and they are hoping to do a seven inch with number three, so write them now to get your order in, it's sure to be good. A "revolution of the heart", indeed. –Mikki (664 12th St., No. 207, San Pedro, CA 90731; PS: CONFIDENTIAL TO SAM: agoa, recieved, dissapointed, operea, Chilli (2x), inseperable, hug, Van Couver, ouple, ou, aquaintences, harrier, psychedellic, Boles, contstant, DJ'd, it's, increadible, accomodate, awhile, camoflage, oculd, feotus, it's, piece, across!)

SUPERDOPE, No. 2, 41pgs, $2
The oversized format and high price of this magazine gives them a lot of space, and they take advantage of the fact, with a definitive interview with Radio Birdman, and similarly extended chats with the Boys From Nowhere and Rudolph Gray (sort of a No Wave precursor of Glen Branca...sort of). The reviews are a mixed bag; again, the luxury of length allows for more trenchant and analytical writing, but too often they fall into the bogeyman of all criticism, the historical treatise, or a search for antecedents. These folks need to come to terms with their lack of focus, and be a little more stringent to make all that writing count for something. –Mikki (520 Frederick St., Box 33, San Francisco, CA 94117)

VICIOUS HIPPI FROM PANDA HELL No. 12, 24pgs, $?
Printed on wonderfully colored paper, this zine from Portland has stuff on Sebadoh, Happy Family, Kicking Giant and the rest of it is filled with record reviews, some older, some newer stuff. Criminal waste of paper. –Daniel (PO Box 34, Portland OR 97207)

WAFFLE No. 1, 22pgs, not free
Some real effort went into this light hearted noise zine. Red and blue inked paper, some photographic/artistic shit mixed with the usual reviews and interviews. The zine comes with stickers and features Steel Pole Bath Tub and Chad Smith (RHCP). Fiction and "off the top of my head" nonsense/literature reign throughout. A regular three-ring circus of opinions and music stuff. Good work. –Tomás (Waffle C/O Noel Tolentino, Porter College #842, Santa Cruz CA 90564)

AFTER SEEING RAMBO LAST NIGHT, I KNOW WHAT TO DO THE NEXT TIME THIS HAPPENS. –RONALD REAGAN, COMMENTING FOLLOWING AN AIRPLANE HIGHJACK

LA DEE DOO DEE

BY BULIMIA COLON

TUNE IN, TURN ON

As we go to press we've been invited (after a barrage of letters and phone calls) to be on Tom Leykis's show on KFI (AM 640). Tom, in a phone conversation, repeatedly mentioned how "wild" he thought we were, and his producer once referred to us as "weird ladies" (obviously they are not going for the exploitation angle at all). We'll be discussing the broke issue and also some censorship stuff – though the event has yet to occur, unfortunately by the time this issue is released it will have passed. Hope you tuned in.

BEN IS DEAD GOES PORNO ON PEOPLE'S COURT

Just a few weeks ago our very own photographer Don Lewis was sued in People's Court for taking a photograph of a boy at the Museum of Science & Industry which was printed in Darby's health article in our Disinformation Issue #14. Since the photograph was not used to sell the magazine in any way and since there was no malicious intent involved (and even though the audience voted in favor of the plaintiff) Judge Wapner ruled in Don's favor. We were just wondering how strong our case would be against the People's Court for continuously stating that the magazine was "pornographic"? (obviously they were not going for the exploitation angle either) Anyway, the air date is still unknown so keep in touch with our BID infoline (960-7674). Also, look for the BID cheerleaders sitting behind Wild Don sporting our high quality BID t-shirts ($10).

"DO WE HEAR $50 FOR THIS PIECE OF HOT GOSSIP?"

We're still waiting to hear from KXLU about our idea to help them with their pledge drive. Inspired by the "free dirt" ads in the *Recycler*, we want to go on the air and auction off some juicy gossip to the highest bidder(s). You know, all the stuff that we don't put in this column because we're too busy writing about ourselves. Call KXLU and demand your dirt!!

QUEEN OF THE ~~RONG~~ WRONG

Look for Mikki's possible guest editor "errors" column in *Substitution* fanzine, in which she will discuss several typos she found during a recent trip to the Nixon Library and Birthplace.

QUEENS OF THE RUMP

The newest addition to the BID posse is the late, great and upcoming RUMP. The (previously answering machine only) band, which is on the new Ben Is Dead record label entitled Ben Is A Record Label, has a triple grooved colorless glow in the dark 10" coming out for the holidays aptly titled *Yo Rumpus Room*. It was recorded at the local Robert Hammer's Pony Palace and was produced by the great Alan Anderson (unbeknownst to them).

A NOT OKAY FESTIVAL

Just to set the record straight we did not have a representative from *Ben Is Dead* at the K Festival in Olympia. The only thing we could afford was to have a friend bring a few stacks of magazines there to give away (though he did end up reviewing the festival). If some guy sporting a BID shirt and toting a camera told you he was Darby, that was actually KRK (of Flipside) just playing out his fantasies (Darby is still a woman). Anyway, we never get invited to things like that.

BEN IS DEAD STARFUCKER!!! (SEE PHOTO)

The day after the Slug show at Raji's, I was on the phone with Ben Weasel of *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll*. Ben, one of those people who is able to say the term "punk rock ethics" without snickering, was ragging on L7. "They wouldn't even leave their house for less than a $1200 guarantee," he said. "I don't know," I said, feeling the need to defend one of LA's own, "I don't know them or anything, but I saw Donita at a Slug show last night... that's pretty much a local support kind of thing." "Oh, she's probably going out with someone in the band," he sneered. "Oh no way, she'd never go out with one of *them*," I replied, in shock. "Why, she can get any guy she wants!"

AN ANGEL WITH A CROOKED HALO

We've heard from several local club owners and bookers that a certain writer for the *LA Weekly* has been calling them up in order to book gigs for his band and offering them a spot in the *Weekly's* "Pick" section in trade. "It's shitty, but I have to go along with it," one booker told us. "He's the *Weekly*, and they are the best source for listings in town." No club owner was willing to go on record saying that he or she had actually traded a gig for a pick.

PHOTO BY DON LEWIS

Good looking members of the young people community. (L to R) Mia of Spoon, Donita Sparks of L7, and previous Ben Is Dead contributor Damion of Slug and KXLU.

TSK, TSK

Amok Books, run by longtime BID supporters Brian King and Stuart Swezey (and employers of several BID contributors) was featured in the Hall of Shame in the Magazine of Magazines, Factsheet Five. We're very disappointed – with fans like them no wonder we didn't get invited to the K Festival. This is the same magazine that picked our "Broke" Issue (#14) for their select "Editor's Choice" section, so we know it's true...

GOODBYE GASLIGHT?

The long lived Gaslight is now closing (for reasons unknown, though rumor has it that the adjoining Ivar theater was complaining about the noise from the live bands). The space was bought by Bruce Perdue – its new name is unknown. Could this possibly mean that Bruce has the 65 bucks he's owed *Ben Is Dead* for the past two years for a Helter Skelter ad? – You know the address Bruce... and we all wish you the best of luck with your club... don't worry about the interest.

If you'd like to appear in my column, just invite me to a big event, preferably something associated with MTV or Club Fuck!, preferably one with a buffet, preferably one that may be attended by some really big stars (maybe even Madonna) and let me go backstage and shmooze. Remember, I only write about things I know.

CLASSIFIEDS

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OCCULT SUPPLIES. Mail order company has over 300 herbs, incense, oils, candles, books and more. Send $1.00 for catalog to: Merlin's Magick Shoppe, 5942 Edinger Ave. Suite 113-255B, Huntington Beach, CA 92649-1706.

CHEAP, HUNGRY, FINANCIALLY INSECURE Have any survival tricks of the trade to pass on to the masses? Look through our "Broke" issue (#13) and see what we were missing. Send any cheap ideas to Ben Is Dead, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028.

VIDEO PRODUCER will put your band's video together for broadcast or underground distribution. We work with all types of bands. Send demo to: RobiCam Productions, 5942 Edinger Ave. Suite 113-255, Huntington Beach, CA 92649-17066

HARDCORE, NOISE, NEW WAVE, ROCK, INDIE-POP & MORE. Domestic & imported limited pressings, color wax & out of print records & CD's. Send two stamps for catalog to: Vinyl Ink Records, 955 Bonifant St., Dept. B, Silver Spring, MD. 20910.

NEW ON DR. STRANGE RECORDS: DSR-7 Guttermouth 7" EP "Balls". This is the second release from this Huntington Beach punk/hardcore band. Flipside calls them one of the best newer bands around. Also- the debut 7" EP from 12 pack pretty. Melodic punk with strong vocals. First 500 on gold vinyl. Send check, cash, or money order to: Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701. Price: $3.50 post paid U.S., $5.50 elsewhere.

FEELING LIKE A SUCKER? The Jack Marquette "The Art(s) of Producing an 'Underground' Music/Art Special Event" *is* going to come out. I know you think I'm lying and that I'm just out to get your money, but really I'm just very busy. And I haven't talked to Jack in like six months. If anyone else wants to send me their money so I can sit on it, the booklet is $3 to Ben Is Dead.

DOG LATIN is forming an international underground. Looking for thinkers, poets, artists, writers with new, true, beyond the edge voices for new zine. Easily published elsewhere? Don't bother here. Strange? Crazy? Dangerous? Send it! Include SASE. NO LITERARY POSEURS. Dog Latin, 3435 Grandview Ave. Riverside, CA 92509.

BIG SPAZZ PRODUCTIONS has a FREE catalog full of punk and trashy underground rock 'n' roll and avant-weirdo shit from all over the globe. 4470 Sunset Bl.,#570, Hollywood, Ca 90027.

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RARE PUNK RECORDS, tapes, shirts, stickers, badges, and more for sale at reasonable prices! X-Ray Spex, the Dickies, Conflict, Social Distortion, and hundreds more. For big catalog, send 2 stamps to: Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701. "Just like my colon, we're getting in more shit everyday."

FREE GOTHIC POETRY ZINE Send requests to: Stephen, 61 Bailey St., Brynmawr, Gwent, Wales, NP3 4HB, U.K..

INDUSTRIAL/GOTH/LOOP BAND with Asian influences and primal female vocals seeks tribal percussionist/musicians. Influences early Einsturzende, Test Dept., PIL, Budgie, Z Lehmani, Cranes, Dead Can Dance, gamelan, taiko, pot and pans. Female/male. No Wax Trax, NIN, KROQ. (213) 874-6976.

BLACK & WHITE OVERNIGHT. You needed that shot like yesterday? Rush service available weekdays! Headshots, live performance, composites, portfolios. I'll photograph almost anything for a price so don't be embarrassed to ask. Call FLASH STUDIOS anytime. (213) 377-1976.

TASTY BASS PLAYER seeks hardcore industrial band or musicians. Plays electric fretless. Have much stage and studio experience. Have equipment and transportation. Formerly of Psychotic Cabaret. Infl. LARD, Ministry, Butthole, D.K., Bauhaus, Siouxsie, Sabbath, to Kate Bush, P.Funk. Call (818) 993-1911

WANTED! A VERY CUTE, NICE BOY. NO LUGGAGE. Please send all applications and pictures to Ben is Dead. c/o Kerin, PO Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028. *(At least she's being more honest than asking for interns)*

THE ACCESS GUIDE TO MACINTOSH LITERATURE is an Interactive Mail Order Catalog which sells every Mac-related computer book at 20% below cover price. To receive a diskette containing this fun to peruse Electronic Book Store send $2 (refunded with first order) to ACCESS, 1900 North Vine Street, LA, CA 90068.

HAVE MERCY! We're looking for a shaman to perform a peace ritual to exorcize the evil demons haunting the Ben Is Dead staff. Must be astrologically correct.

COMING NEXT ISSUE...

GROSS OUT!! Next issue, you'll get a taste (and a fart, and a belch, and a squirt) of what is truly GROSS. Also, a special section on Sound and Technology, with interviews, essays, and how-tos for recording, playing, and (re)producing music. Wild Don Lewis tours Phoenix, interviews with the Mudwimmin and a new feature—the SLUGFILE!!

And YOU, faithful BID reader, can be a part of the action! Just answer these simple, fun questions and mail your responses to PO Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028. Get them into us by Nov. 8. 19991 and probe our strict literary standards!!! All this free fun brought to you from your friends here at Ben is Dead headquarters!!!!!

B.I.D. READERS' GROSS QUESTIONNAIRE

1) What's the grossest thing you ever put in you mouth? 2) What's the grossest food experience you've ever had? 3) What's the grossest situation you've ever been in? 4)What's the grossest sexual experience you've ever had? 5) What's the grossest thing you've ever seen? 6) Who's the grossest person you've ever known? 7) What makes something "gross"?

CORRECTIONS

FROM BID #14 • OBSESSIVELY COMPILED BY MIKKI

PAGE	WAS	SHOULD BE
5	disinformtation	disinformation
	alright	all right
	here	hear
	roll	role
7	weeds	weeks
8	sophhisticate	sophisticate
	Excertpted	Excerpted
9	romance	Romance
10	materialized	materialize
13	PHOTO'S	PHOTOS
23	LYDON	LYNDON
35	refereing	referring
36	their	there
41	priveleges	privileges
43	Unfortuately	Unfortunately
48	wether	whether

On the cover, we accidentally used a picture of Sylvain Sylvain instead of Johnny Thunders in the "Celebrity Deaths Explained" section. We regret any grief or confusion this error may have caused. Sylvain Sylvain is not dead, and is probably avoiding carrots just like the rest of us. Everything else on the cover was true of course.

On page 13, in the Front 242 review, Epic Record's lateness was accidentally blamed on Elektra Records.

On page 29, the "Knowledge is Good for Your Health" interview was with Elaine *Lucero*.

On page 41, Don Lewis took the picture of Craig Lee.

On page 42-43, all the old punk rock photos used behind the text were courtesy of our greatest supporter Al Flipside.

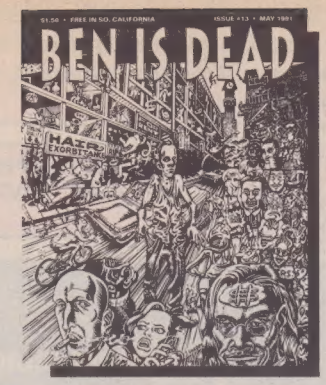
On page 51, the last sentence of the second paragraph in the middle column made no sense, but, since no one reads my stuff, I guess it doesn't really matter (Mikki).

AND WHERE THE OFFENCE IS, LET THE GREAT AXE FALL. –CLAUDIUS, *HAMLET*, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IT'S TIME TO CATCH UP!

Ben Is Dead Magazine receives NEA grant!
Ben IS DEAD
NEW KIDS SHOCKER!
We Salute It!!
Operation Thyroid
BLACK FLAG REUNITES! Info on tour dates inside...

#14 – DISINFORMATION ISSUE (JUL'91)
The truth about carrots, articles on media manipulation, drug propaganda, health myths. Interviews w/ Lewis Wulf of Covert Action Information Bulletin, Craig Lee (late musician/music writer for the LA Weekly & LA Times), the BBS Offworld founder. Also show and record reviews and a satiric montage of quotes critiquing the LA Desert Storm Parade. And lots lots more!

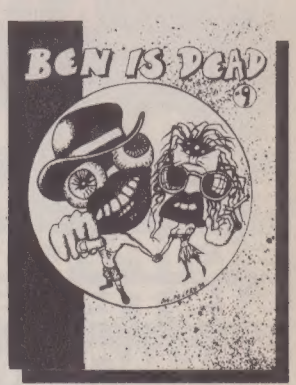


#13 – THE "BROKE" ISSUE (MAY '91)
Contains the "Encyclopedia of Broke" – an A-Z guide on how to get thing for free/cheap. Interviews with Citizen Fish, NoMeansNo, Independent Project, John of Sympathy and Lee Joseph & Zebra of Dionysus on "How to Run a Record Label Without Going Broke" (including a "contact list"). Staff cross fire on the ethics of scamming. Cover art by Justin Forbes.

#12 – CENSORSHIP ISSUE (APR. '91)
Contains interviews with many underground publishers and artists, including Amok Books, Skip Arnold, and Pressure Drop Press. Also, articles on the political theory of censorship, a listing of record labels who put warnings on their products, and a censorship resource guide.

#11 – OBSESSIONS & BAD HABITS (DEC.'90)
Our landmark issue. Contains articles ranging from obsessive daterapers, abusive relationships, astrology, bulimia, drinking, piercing, Anglophilia, and assorted other pastimes. Fact, fiction, and true confession. All carefully indexed. Cover art by Kalynn Campbell.

#10 – THE MOTHER ISSUE (JULY '90)
Contains interviews with The Mummies, Young Gods, Crash Worship, and Ethyl Meatplow. Articles on U.F.O.s, the Catholicization of motherhood and more! This is the cover art by Louie Metz that "insulted" Henry Rollins.



#9 – (APRIL '90)
Contains an essay which explains that HIV is not the cause of AIDS, extensive show reviews, Suckdog revisited, Freshly Wrapped Candies interview. Cover by Marcel De Jure.

#8 – (DEC. '89)
Homocore, Distorted Pony, Capitol Punishment, a Malathion expose, and a political calendar. Cover by Roger Mejia.

#7 – (OCT. '89)
Lots of stories, comics and articles. Interviews with Green Jello, Rhythm Collision, and fart tales with Cringer.

#6 – (SEPT. '89)
Contains reviews of the Anarchy Fest, No Pay To Play Manifesto, loads of interviews (Dead Silence, Herb Tarlicks), articles, and stories.

OTHER ISSUES:

#5 –(6/'89) "Animal Rights", Death Ride 69, and the greatest Steel Pole Bath Tub interview ever. Still raw.
#4 –(4/'89) Stories, lots of reviews, Bulimia Banquet, Chemical People. *SOLD OUT.*
#3 – (2/'89) Skinheads, Warworld, George Eats Cheap, plus tons o' shit. Raw.
#2 –(11/'89) Interviews with Sandy Duncan's Eye, Bad Religion... *SOLD OUT.*
#1 – (10/'89) Painfully Raw. *SOLD OUT.*

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BEN IS DEAD MAGAZINE THE BACK ISSUES

"There's a thriving black market." As heard on KFI

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NEUE SLOWENISCHE KUNST was founded in 1984 as an organization working in the area between idology and art, combining the three founding groups – LAIBACH, IRWIN, and the Scipion Nasice Sisters Theatre – in different sectors. By 1989, NEUE SLOWENISCHE KUNST expanded into an organization which besides the founding departments for music, painting, and theater, now also embraces departments for film, architecture, design, practical philosophy...

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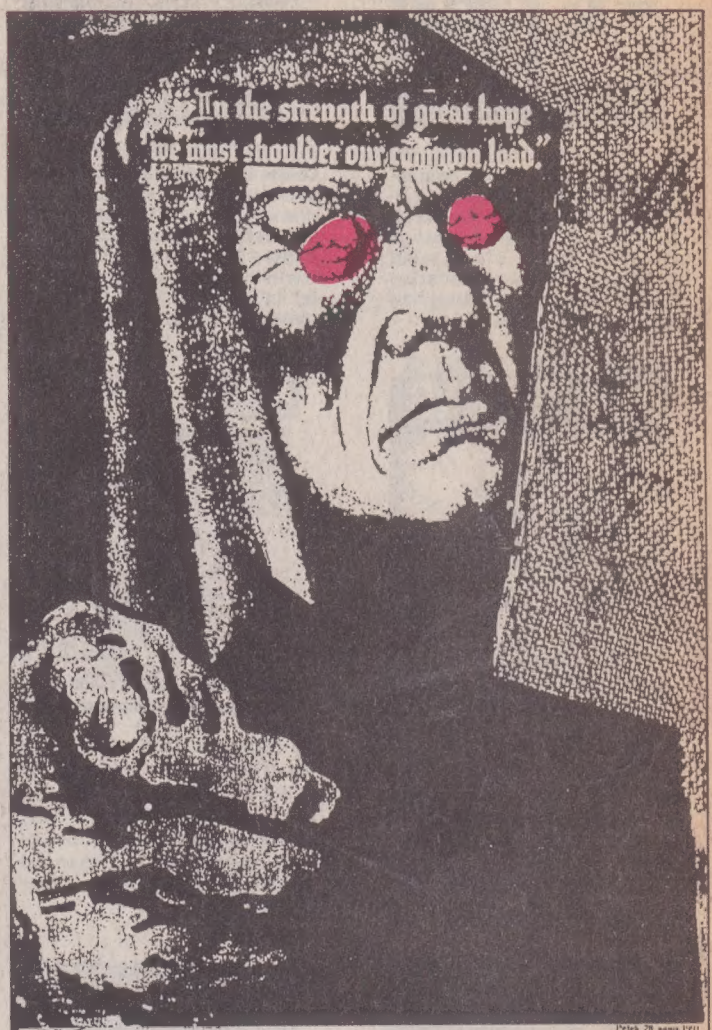
"NSK IS CONCERNED WITH NOTHING LESS THAN THE FATE OF THE SOUL OF EUROPE." – *EDINBURGH REVIEW*



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